ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY, 1896.

No. 3.

HOW JACK CAME TO JAMESTOWN.

By Annie E. Tynan.

"Look, mother, look," cried Dorothy Thorne,
"At the redbreast robin in yonder tree!"
The good dame came to the cabin door.
"Ay, ay, my child, I see."

"And thinkst thou not he sings as sweet
As those in England?" cried the child.
The good dame brushed away the tear
that started as she smiled.

"Look, mother, look! Neighbor Rugg goes by, And Jonathan Howard, with sacks of corn —

So many men with heavy sacks have hurried by this morn."

The good dame stirred the steaming broth With an even sweep of her wooden spoon. "Ay, ay, my child; Lord Delaware sets sail to-morrow noon."

There were groups of women along the shore, Knitting and watching the busy men.

The boats rowed laden out to the ships,—rowed empty in again.

Good Mistress Thorne, when dinner was done, And the pewter dishes back on the shelf, Combed Dorothy's locks of shimmering gold, and tidied her buxom self.

"We 'll down to the shore with the rest," said she;

" I 'll knit some rows on thy father's socks, And talk with the dames, and thou canst play with the children on the rocks."

Oh, blue were the skies and green the shores!

And merry the laughter of children that
day,

As they flung their scraps of bark to the waves and watched them whirl away!

But Dorothy stayed at her mother's side, For she saw, at sight of the loading ships, How her mother's eyes grew dim with tears and a sigh rose up to her lips.

"Ah, Mistress Thorne," cries Mistress Rugg— And a mournful shaking of heads prevails—

"'T is a woful wind for the Colony that fills his Lordship's sails!"

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And they talked of how, before he came

With his three stanch vessels from over the sea,

There was dearth of hope and famine of bread in Jamestown Colony.

Lord Delaware, on the beach near the boats, Felt a touch on his gold-embroidered coat; He turned; it was a fair-haired child, with a kerchief crossed at her throat.

"Why dost thou go?" said Dorothy Thorne.

"For the good folk all, they wish thou wouldst stay.

"LOOK, MOTHER, LOOK!""

Their hearts are fearful of hunger and strife.

Why dost thou go away?"

He looked on the serious upturned face.
"I go because I am ill," he said;

"But they need not fear, for General Gates will serve them in my stead."

"And wilt thou come back when thou art well?"

He laid his hand on her golden hair.

"Ay, child, God willing, I will come back,"
he said with a thoughtful air.

- "And when I come, I shall bring to thee—"
 His lips were smiling now as he spoke,
- "Shall it be a gown, as brown as thine eyes, or a beautiful scarlet cloak?"
 - The brown eyes shone. "My lord," she cried, "Oh, wouldst thou bring me, when thou com'st back,
 - Not a gown, nor a beautiful scarlet cloak, but my dog my Shepherd, 'Jack'?"
- "Thy dog? thy dog?" Lord Delaware smiled, "And where shall I find him, my little lass?"
- "We left him at the King's Crown Inn, in care of Mistress Cass."
- "Thy father is Roger Thorne, is he not?

 And thou com'st from Warwickshire?"

 asked he.
- "Lord Delaware shall do thy will. Thy dog shall come to thee."





"" JACK! JACK!" SHE CRIES. A SPLASH! A CHEER!"

They thronged the rocks, those hardy men And brave Virginia dames;

They shouted "Welcome to our shores!" and "Long live good King James!"

And Dorothy Thorne? Yes, she was there.
On her father's shoulder she sat like a queen,

"Jack! Jack!" she cries. A splash! A cheer From those on the shore and those in the boats.

He swims!—he clambers up the rocks!

Another cheer from a hundred throats.



Hark! What is that? the bark of a dog?
Look! What is that, like a tassel of corn,
That waves at the prow of the foremost boat?
Look, little Dorothy Thorne!

'T was thus Jack came to the Colony,
And from that moment, everywhere
That the colonists saw his shaggy coat,
Theylooked for the child with the golden hair.

CHRISTMAS WHITE ELEPHANT.

(Concluded.)

By W. A. WILSON.

Fred was awakened by the slamming of the folding windows in a room down-stairs.

He lay, reluctant to rise, for some moments, but on the noise being repeated, sprang out of bed, and put on his slippers.

Passing the staircase window like a ghost, he reached the hall, and moved toward the parlor door. The shutters were closed, and the room was dark. After feeling about and upsetting a vase of water filled with flowers, and a few glasses and ornaments on a table, he succeeded in finding the matches and struck a light.

He opened the door of the room whence the noise was coming; but, as he did so, the window was blown wide open, his lamp was extinguished, and he found himself in an almost forgotten presence.

Majestic and calm, within a few paces of him, stood the tree, in the great flood of moonlight which streamed in past the fluttering curtains.

Fifteen seconds later, Fred had shuffled up the staircase, and was coiled up in his bed again.

He told Cecie in the morning.

The tree's old friends had missed it, she said, and had come to pay it a visit to see how it was getting on.

"What friends?" asked Frederick-of-the-Guilty-Conscience.

"The Moonlight and the Wind," said Cecie. "Oh," said Fred.

That this little episode impressed Cecie was evident; but it was not until the following Saturday that she said anything of an idea which it seemed to have suggested to her. It was the first time since New Year's that Fred had found time to run out beyond the city, which he was in the habit of doing as often as he could, to spend a few hours in the pure, fresh air of his

ONE windy night toward the end of January, favorite woods. Agnes usually accompanied him, and, for the first time, they yielded to Cecie's entreaties, and took her also with

> These snatches of health-giving air, these walks, short though they were, on the country soil, were everything to Fred. Two hours of freedom amongst the trees, in the silence of the forest, he used to say, were enough to clear a week's cobwebs from the brain. They did more for him that day - they solved the problem of the tree.

> To reach their favorite walk it was necessary to go by steamboat to a station down the river, and thence climb a short, steep hill to a wood which stretched for miles beyond. It was apt to be dusty and less attractive in the summer months, but in late autumn and winter and early spring, when deserted by the picnicking crowd, it was a beautiful and peaceful spot. The favorite corner of Fred's was a small pond which lay in the midst of a thicket of young elms and oaks. When Cecie saw this for the first time she remained very quiet for some mo-Two fir-trees growing together at a corner of the pond seemed to have attracted her attention.

> "What are you thinking about?" asked her father.

> "I am thinking - why not send our tree out here and let it grow beside the others? Look at these two poor trees standing over there, all alone. It would be happier too, I think. It would like to be beside them."

> "Do you think it would?" asked Fred, musingly.

> "I am sure of it!" cried Cecie, excitedly. "It would get the dew, and the wind, and the rain, and the sun, and could grow and grow all the time. I am afraid it won't grow much with us."

An hour afterward they stood on the pier



"Willing - what to do?"

"To let us send his present into the woods to live, instead of

keeping it ourselves," said Fred, quite gravely.

will go and ask him. Nurse can take meto-morrow morning - before breakfast-time."

"I think I would n't go quite so soon," said coming spring. her father, with an amused look. "Robin early mornings."

"'WHY NOT SEND OUR TREE OUT HERE AND LET IT GROW BESIDE THE OTHERS !"

The snow and ice had disappeared from the "Oh, he will," said Cecie, confidently. "I streets and avenues, and in the mild skies of the early days of February there was a glad respite from the cold, and a welcome promise of the

The sun no longer hid behind banks of fog; does n't-I mean Robin is very busy in the but rose from day to day with clear and lustrous face. The mists had gathered up their trains and fled, and the skies were filled with armies of fleecy clouds. The grass in the parks seemed already to feel the breath of April, the crocuses peeped out from their beds of earth and hurried on their yellow garments, while the trees donned a livery of tiny buds and stood in sleepy readiness for the festival. The busy steamers plying up and down the river became suddenly gay with color; for the passengers no longer huddled together in heated cabins, but crowded out upon the deck that they might breathe the fresh air.

Beyond the city, nature seemed less eager to listen to fair promises, for her landscapes lay still as they had been left by the marauding winds of winter. The country roads were bleak and bare, the shrubs and hedges stripped of their leaves and left stifled with snow and mud, and the deserted footpaths wandered listlessly through the maze of trunks and branches and lawless thorns. Yet when the sun shone into the thickets and down upon the inert ground, everything seemed to quicken: the ice retreated into the shady corners of the ponds, the drowsy trees lazily stretched themselves, and here and there in the recesses a bird took courage and began piping feeble snatches of almost forgotten song.

On the afternoon of one of these early February days the deserted woods seemed quieter even than they had been in the dead of winter. There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the pond beside which a young fir-tree had recently been planted. Far in the distance a dog's bark or a cockcrow might be heard; still farther, perhaps, a long, faint whistle from a train winding along the river's bank; or, nearer at hand, the rustle of a falling leaf: but these only served to make the silence more profound.

Close beside two other firs, standing in friendly reserve somewhat aloof from the attendant herd of young oaks and elms, the new member of the mute community depended its lustrous green reflection into the somber mirror at its feet. Behind it rose the slender stems of two silver birches. In a corner near at hand a marsh-willow had burst into a mist of downy buds; and, still nearer, an old oak, as if to show an example to the younger members of its

family, who still clung to their tattered covering of leaves, stretched its bare and rugged limbs far up above its neighbors, and stood, stern and weather-beaten, on its carpet of grass and fallen acorns.

The mossy footpath which skirted the pond led to a clearing in the wood where it joined a broader way. This crossed a more open tract of ground covered with bushes and clogged with heather and dark-leaved brambles, until at one corner the country road appeared from behind a clump of trees. Between this corner and the point, some distance further on, where the road descended the wooded hill leading to the river, a gardener's cottage was situated.

At the gate of this cottage, toward sunset on a February afternoon, three figures were standing. The one, in colored shirt-sleeves and ample corduroys, wore a gardener's blue apron; the others were clad in the more conventional clothing of the city.

One of them wore a dark hat and cloak, and beside him stood a little figure dressed in a quaint gown of blue trimmed with sable. From beneath the felt and feathers of her hat one of her blonde curls escaped and lay gracefully upon her shoulder.

A fourth figure, that of the gardener's wife, a motherly-looking woman in a faded cotton dress, presently disappeared into a small greenhouse near the cottage, and closed the door behind her.

"Well," said the owner of the blue apron, in an affable tone, to his visitors, when at length they prepared to leave, "I suppose Missy will be satisfied now."

"I think so," said the figure in the cloak, looking down to "Missy," who smiled a shy assent. "I certainly am very well satisfied," he added, with a quizzical look, while buttoning his cloak.

When they set out, a few minutes later, the sun was glittering behind the trees, the earth was strong and deep in color, and the sky was filled with light.

They had reached the point where the road dipped suddenly in the direction of the steamer pier, when the door of the greenhouse opened, and the woman with the faded gown reappeared,



"'1 SUPPOSE MISSY WILL BE SATISFIED NOW."

the garden.

she did so and found that the strangers had appearing down the avenue.

tying up a bouquet as she walked slowly into the middle of the empty road, bareheaded, and with cheeks hot and flushed, watching a waving She did not look up at first, but when cloak and a little dot of blue gradually dis-



CHRISTMAS IN THE MIDDLE AGES-BRINGING IN THE VULE LOG.

LETTERS TO A BOY.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

WITH NOTES BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

[WHEN Arick left us and went back to the German company, he had grown so fat and strong and intelligent that they deemed he was made for better things than cotton-picking or plantation work, and handed him over to their surveyor, who needed a man to help him. I used often to meet him after this, tripping at his master's heels with the theodolite, or scampering about with tapes and chains like a kitten with a spool of thread. He did not look then as though he was destined to die of a broken heart, though that was his end not so many months afterward. The plantation manager told me that Arick and a New Ireland boy went crazy with homesickness, and died in the hospital together.—L. O.]

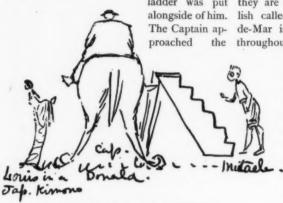
LETTER IV.

VAILIMA, November 2, 1892.

My DEAR AUSTIN: First and foremost I think you will be sorry to hear that our poor friend Arick has gone back to the German Firm. He had not been working very well and we had talked of sending him off before; but remembering how thin he was when he came here, and seeing what fat little legs and what a comfortable little stomach he had laid on in the meanwhile, we found we had not the heart. The other day, however, he set up chat to Henry, the Samoan overseer, asking him who he was and where he came from, and refusing to obey his orders. I was in bed in the workman's house, having a fever. Uncle Lloyd came over to me, told me of it, and I had Arick sent up. I told him I would give him another chance. He was taken out and asked to apologize to Henry, but he would do no such thing. He preferred to go back to the moans who were up here on a visit to the boys and packed him off in their charge to the Firm, where he arrived safely, and a receipt was given for him like a parcel.

Sunday last the "Alameda" returned. Your mother was off bright and early with Palema, for it is a very curious thing, but is certainly the case, that she was very impatient to get news of a young person by the name of Austin. Mr. Gurr lent a horse for the Captain -it was a pretty big horse, but our handsome Captain, as you know, is a very big Captain indeed. Now, do you remember Misi Folo-a tall, thin Hovea boy that came shortly before you left? He had been riding up this same horse of Gurr's just the day before, and the horse threw him off at Motootua corner and cut his hip. So Misi Folo called out to the Captain as he rode by that that was a very bad horse, that it ran away and threw people off, and that he had best be careful; and the funny thing is, that the Captain did not like it at all. The foal might as well have tried to run away with Vailima as that horse with Captain Morse, which is poetry, as you see, into the bargain; but the Captain was not at all in that way of thinking, and was never really happy until he had got his foot on ground again. It was just then that the horse began to be happy too, so they parted in one mind. But the horse is still wondering what kind of piece of artillery he had brought up to Vailima last Sunday morning. So far it was all right. The Captain was got safe off the wicked horse, but how was he to get back again to Apia and the Alameda?

Arick sent up. I told him I would give him another chance. He was taken out and asked to apologize to Henry, but he would do no such thing. He preferred to go back to the German Firm. So we hired a couple of Sa-



CAPTAIN MORSE AND THE BIG PACK-HORSE.

step-ladder, and he looked an Alp. I was n't as much afraid for the horse as I was for the step-ladder, but it bore the strain, and with a kind of sickening smash that you might have heard at Monterey, the Captain descended to the saddle. Now don't think that I am exaggerating, but at the moment when that enormous Captain settled down upon Donald, the horse's hind legs gave visibly under the strain. What the couple looked like, one on top of t' other, no words can tell you, and your mother must here draw a picture.

["Bullamacow," which occurs in the following letter, is a word that always amuses the visitor to Samoa. When the first pair of cattle was brought to the islands, and the natives asked the missionaries what they must call these strange creatures, they were told that the English name was "a bull and a cow." But the Samoans thought that "a bull and a cow" was the name of each of the animals, and they soon corrupted the English words into "bullamacow," which has remained the name for beef or cattle ever since.

foreign language; and as their own dialects are stuck among the branches like vermilion birds.

more suited to his size. He was brought up so different that sometimes six men from the to the door - he looked a mountain. A step- same island cannot understand one another, ladder was put they are driven to use a queer sort of Engalongside of him. lish called "Beach-de-Mar." This Beach-The Captain ap- de-Mar is the language of trade and barter the throughout the western islands, and every white

> man who wishes to speak with the black people must learn it. The Germans in Samoa, the French in New Caledonia and the New Hebrides. have to use it on their plantations, and sometimes it is amusing to meet a man of one of these nationalities who can speak Beach-de-Mar perfectly, and vet does not know real English at all. "White fellow he come cocoanut belong him no grass hes top" is how a Black Boy says, "A baldheaded white man is ap-

proaching." "This white fellow belong me" is what he calls his master.-L. O.]

LETTER V.

VAILIMA, November 15, 1892.

MY DEAR AUSTIN: The new house is begun. It stands out nearly half way over towards Pineapple Cottage - the lower floor is laid and the uprights of the wall are set up; so that the big lower room wants nothing but a roof over its head. When it rains (as it does mostly all the time) you never saw anything look so sorry for itself as that room left outside. Beyond the house there is a work-shed roofed with sheets of iron, and in front, over about half the lawn, the lumber for the house lies piled. It is about the bringing up of this lumber that I want to tell you.

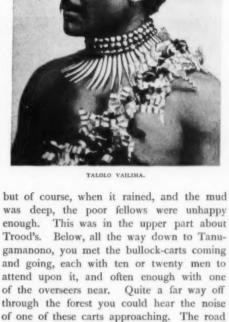
For about a fortnight there were at work upon the job two German overseers, about a hundred Black Boys, and from twelve to twentyfour draught-oxen. It rained about half the time, and the road was like lather for shaving. The Black Boys seemed to have had a new rig-out. They had almost all shirts of scarlet flannel, and lavalavas, the Samoan kilt, either of scarlet or light blue. As the day got warm they took off the shirts; and it was a very curious thing, as you went down to Apia on a bright day, to come upon one tree after To the Black Boys, of course, Samoan is a another in the empty forest with these shirts

I observed that many of the boys had a very queer substitute for a pocket, . This was nothing more than a string which some of them tied about their upper arms and some about their necks, and in which they stuck their clay pipes; and as I don't suppose they had anything else to carry, it did very well. Some had feathers in their hair, and some long stalks of grass through the holes in their noses. I suppose this was intended to make them look pretty. poor dears; but you know what a Black Boy looks like, and these Black Boys, for all their blue, and their scarlet, and their grass, looked just as shabby and small, and sad, and sorry for themselves, and like sick monkeys as any of the rest.

As you went down the road you came upon them first working in squads of two. Each squad shouldered a couple of planks and carried them up about two hundred feet, gave



A SAMOAN GIRL. 2



not they would stop.

As long as they were going, the Black Boys ed from. It was n't very hard work, and they did n't go about it at all lively; bird. Perhaps the great flying creatures that

was like a bog, and though a good deal wider than it was when you knew it, so narrow that the bullocks reached quite across it with the span of their big horns. To pass by, it was necessary to get into the Bush on one side or the other. The bullocks seemed to take no interest in their business; they looked angry and stupid, and sullen beyond belief; and when it came to a heavy bit of the road, as often as

lived upon the earth long before man came, if we could have come near one of their meeting-places, would have given us just such a concert.

When one of the bullamacows stopped altogether the fun was highest. The bullamacow stood on the road, his head fixed fast in the yoke, chewing a little, breathing very hard, and showing in his red eye that if he could get rid of the yoke he would show them what a circus

While this was going on, I had to go down to Apia five or six different times, and each time there were a hundred Black Boys to say "Good morning" to. This was rather a tedious business; and, as very few of them answered at all, and those who did, only with a grunt like a pig's, it was several times in my mind to give up this piece of politeness. The last time I went down, I was almost decided; but when I came to the first pair of Black Boys and saw



KITCHEN AT NATIVE QUARTERS, VAILIMA.

was. All the Black Boys tailed on to the wheels and the back of the cart, stood there getting their spirits up, and then of a sudden set to shooing and singing out. It was these outbursts of shrill cries that it was so curious to hear in the distance. One such stuck cart I came up to and asked what was the worry. "Old fool bullamacow stop same place," was the reply. I never saw any of the overseers near any of the stuck carts; you were a very much better overseer than either of these.

them looking so comic and so melancholy, I began the business over again. This time I thought more of them seemed to answer, and when I got down to the tail-end where the carts were running, I received a very pleasant surprise, for one of the boys, who was pushing at the back of a cart, lifted up his head, and called out to me in wonderfully good English, "You good man—always say 'good morning." It was sad to think that these poor creatures should think so much of so small a piece of civility,

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so dull as not to return it. UNCLE LOUIS.

In the letters that were sent to Austin Strong you will be surprised to see his name change from Austin to Hoskyns, and from Hopkins to Hutchinson. It was the penalty Master Austin had to pay for being the particular and bosom friend of each of the one hundred and eighty blue-jackets that made up the crew of the British man-of-war "Curaçoa"; for, whether it was due to some bitter memories of the Revolutionary war, or to some rankling reminiscences of 1812, that even friendship could not altogether stifle (for Austin was a true American boy), they annoyed him by giving him, each one of them, a separate name.-L. O.]

LETTER VI.

June 18, 1893.

RESPECTED HOPKINS: This is to inform you that the Jersey cow had an elegant little cowcalf Sunday last. There was a great deal of rejoicing, of course; but I don't know whether or not you remember the Jersey cow. Whatever else she is, the Jersey cow is not good-natured, and Dines, who was up here on some other business, went down to the paddock to get a hood and to milk her. The hood is a little wooden board with two holes in it, by which it is hung from her horns. I don't know how he got it on, and I don't believe he does. Anyway, in the middle of the operation, in came Bull Bazett, with his head down, and roaring like the last trumpet. Dines and all his merry men hid behind trees in the paddock, and skipped. Dines then got upon a horse, plied his spurs, and cleared for Apia. The next time he is asked to meddle with our cows, he will probably want to know the reason why. Meanwhile, there was the cow, with the board over her eyes, left tied by a pretty long rope to a small tree in the paddock, and who was to milk her? She roared,-I was going to say like a bull, but it was Bazett who did that, walking up and down, switching his tail, and the noise of the pair of them was perfectly dreadful.

Palema went up to the Bush to call Lloyd; and Lloyd came down in one of his know-all-

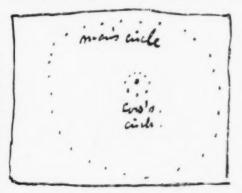
VOL. XXIII .- 25.

and strange that (thinking so) they should be about-it moods. "It was perfectly simple," he said. "The cow was hooded; anybody could milk her. All you had to do was to draw her up to the tree, and get a hitch about it." So he untied the cow and drew her up close to the tree, and got a hitch about it right enough. And then the cow brought her intellect to bear on the subject, and proceeded to walk round the tree to get the hitch off.

> Now, this is geometry, which you 'll have to learn some day. The tree is the center of two circles. The cow had a "radius" of about two feet, and went leisurely round a small circle;

cons's

the man had a "radius" of about thirty feet, and either he must let the cow get the hitch unwound, or else he must take up his two feet to about the height of his



eyes, and race round a big circle. This was racing and chasing.

The cow walked quietly round and round the tree to unwind herself; and first Lloyd and then Palema, and then Lloyd again, scampered round the big circle, and fell, and got up again, and bounded like a deer, to keep her hitched.

It was funny to see, but we could n't laugh with a good heart; for every now and then (when the man who was running tumbled down) the cow would get a bit ahead; and I promise you there was then no sound of any laughter, but we rather edged away toward the gate, looking to see the crazy beast loose, and charging us. To add to her attractions, the board had fallen partly off, and only covered

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one eye, giving her the look of a crazy old woman in a Sydney slum. Meanwhile, the calf stood looking on, a little perplexed, and seemed to be saying: "Well, now, is this life? It does n't seem as if it was all it was cracked up to be. And is this my mamma? What a very impulsive lady!"

All the time, from the lower paddock, we could hear Bazett roaring like the deep seas, and if we cast our eye that way, we could see him switching his tail, as a very angry gentleman may sometimes switch his cane. And the Jersey would every now and then put up her head, and low like the pu * for dinner. And take it all for all in all, it was a very striking scene. Poor Uncle Lloyd had plenty of time to regret having been in such a hurry; so had poor Palema, who was let into the business, and ran until he was nearly dead. Afterward Palema went and sat on a gate where your mother sketched him, and she is going to send you the sketch. And the end of it? Well, we got her tied again, I really don't know how; and came stringing back to the house with our tails between our legs. That night at dinner, the Tamaitait bid us tell the boys to be very careful "not to frighten the cow." It was too much; the cow had frightened us in such fine style that we all broke down and laughed like mad.

General Hoskyns, there is no further news, your excellency, that I am aware of. But it may interest you to know that Mr. Christian held his 25th birthday yesterday — a quarter of a living century old; think of it, drink of it, innocent youth! - and asked down Lloyd and Daplyn to a feast at one o'clock, and Daplyn went at seven, and got nothing to eat at all. Whether they had anything to drink, I know not - no, not I; but it 's to be hoped so. Also, your Uncle Lloyd has stopped smoking, and he does n't like it much. Also, that your mother is most beautifully gotten up to-day, in a pink gown with a topaz stone in front of it; and is really looking like an angel, only that she is n't like an angel at all-only like your mother herself.

Also that the Tamaitai has been waxing the

most ravishing manner; and then we insisted on coming in, and she would n't let us, and we came anyway, and have made the vilest mess of it - but still it shines.

Also, that I am, Your Excellency's obedient servant, UNCLE LOUIS.

[While Austin was in Vailima many little duties about the plantation fell to his share, so that he was often called the "overseer"; and, small as he was, he sometimes took charge of a couple of big men, and went into town with the pack-horses. It was not all play, either; for he had to see that the barrels and boxes did not chafe the horses' backs, and that they were not allowed to come home too fast up the steep

There are so many strange names in the following letters, that the Editor asks me to explain who all the Samoans are. Talolo was the Vailima cook, a fine young chief, whose picture is given on page 191. Sina is his wife; Tauilo, his mother; Mitaele and Sosimo, his brothers. Lafaele, who was married to Faauma, was a middle-aged Futuna Islander, and had spent many years of his life on a whale-ship the captain of which had kidnapped him when Misi Folo was one of the "housea boy. maids." Iopu and Tali, man and wife, had long been in our service, but had left it after they had been married some time; but, according to Samoan ideas, they were none the less members of Tusitala's family, because, though they were no longer working for him, they still owed him allegiance. "Aunt Maggie" is Mr. Stevenson's mother.—L. O.]

LETTER VII.

My DEAR HUTCHINSON: This is not going to be much of a letter, so don't expect what can't be had. Uncle Lloyd and Palema made a malangat to go over the island to Siumu, § and Talolo was anxious to go also; but how could we get along without him? Well, Misifolo, the Maypole, set off on Saturday, and walked all that day down the island to beyond Fafloor of the big room, so that it shines in the leasiu with a letter for Iopu; and Iopu and

^{*} The big conch-shell that was blown at certain hours every day. ‡ A visiting party. A Samoan village. + Mrs. R. L. S., as she is called in Samoan, "the lady."

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Tali and Misifolo rose very early on the Sunday morning, and walked all that day up the island, and came by seven at night—all pretty tired, and Misifolo most of all—to Tanugamanono. We at Vailima knew nothing at all about the marchings of the Saturday and Sunday, but Uncle Lloyd got his boys and things together, and we went to bed.

A little after five in the morning I woke and took the lantern, and went out of the front door and round the verandas. There was never a spark of dawn in the east, only the stars looked a little pale; and I expected to find them all asleep in the workhouse. But no! the stove was roaring, and Talolo and Fono, who was to lead the party, were standing together talking by the stove, and one of Fono's young men was lying asleep on the sofa in the smoking-room, wrapped in his lavalava. my breakfast at half-past five that morning, and the bell rang before six, when it was just the gray of dawn. But by seven the feast was spread-there was Iopu coming up, with Tali at his heels, and Misipolo bringing up the rear-and Talolo could go the malanga.

Off they set, with two guns and three porters, and Fono and Lloyd and Palema, and Talolo himself with his best Sunday-go-to-meeting lavalava rolled up under his arm, and a very sore foot; but much he cared—he was smiling from ear to ear, and would have gone to Siumu over red-hot coals. Off they set round the corner of the cook-house, and into the Bush beside the chicken-house, and so good-bye to them.

But you should see how Iopu has taken possession! "Never saw a place in such a state!"

is written on his face. "In my time," says he, "we did n't let things go ragging along like this, and I 'm going to show you fellows." The first thing he did was to apply for a bar of soap, and then he set to work washing everything (that had all been washed last Friday in the regular course). Then he had the grass cut all round the cook-house, and I tell you but he found scraps, and odds and ends, and grew more angry and indignant at each fresh discovery.

"If a white chief came up here and smelt this, how would you feel?" he asked your mother. "It is enough to breed a sickness!"

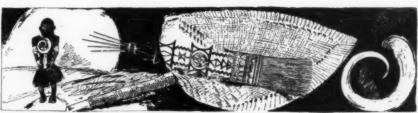
And I dare say you remember this was just what your mother had often said to himself; and did say the day she went out and cried on the kitchen steps in order to make Talolo ashamed. But Iopu gave it all out as little new discoveries of his own. The last thing was the cows, and I tell you he was solemn about the cows. They were all destroyed, he said, nobody knew how to milk except himselfwhere he is about right. Then came dinner and a delightful little surprise. Perhaps you remember that long ago I used not to eat mashed potatoes, but had always two or three boiled in a plate. This has not been done for months, because Talolo makes such admirable mashed potatoes that I have caved in. But here came dinner, mashed potatoes for your mother and the Tamaitai, and then boiled potatoes in a plate for me!

And there is the end of the Tale of the return of Iopu, up to date. What more there may be is in the lap of the gods, and

Sir, I am yours considerably,

UNCLE LOUIS.

(To be continued.)



SOME SAMOAN CURIOSITIES



By ALBERT STEARNS.

CHAPTER I.

MR, SINDBAD INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

ONE cool September afternoon, a shabbily dressed boy sat upon the piazza of the Oakdale Hotel, reading a book even shabbier than himself—a yellow-leaved, torn, battered, dog's-eared volume with only one cover. But, disreputable as it looked, the lad seemed to find it good company; for, as he read and read, the color on his freckled cheeks came and went, and he would sometimes nervously hold his breath throughout an entire paragraph, to emit it at last in a prolonged sigh.

At the other end of the piazza, leaning negligently against the railing, was a man whose eyes had for some time been intently fixed upon the lad, whom he presently approached, saying:

"You seem much interested in that book, my boy."

The youth looked up with a start, reddened slightly, and replied:

" I am, sir."

Then he fell to studying his companion, who was really a rather strange-looking individual. He was a man of middle age, medium height, and very dark complexion; his hair was black and curly, and he wore a short, bristling beard.

But what arrested and held the boy's attention was the fact that, while one of the stranger's eyes was black, piercing, and defiant, the other, strange to say, was of a tender, languishing blue.

His costume, like his eyes, was odd. He wore a dark frock-coat cut in the latest style, snowy linen, a silk hat of the most recent pattern, perfect fitting shoes, and very little jewelry, but that little of the best. Nothing very odd in this, you think; but I have not yet described his trousers. They were so soiled and patched that it was difficult to tell what the original material had looked like. There was an inch or more of fringe at the bottom of each leg, and, as the boy thought, the most dilapidated and disreputable tramp that had ever passed through

Oakdale would have scorned to accept them as a gift.

"It 's the 'Arabian Nights' you 're reading, is n't it?" went on the stranger. "Yes, I see it is. You have the 1804 London edition; where did you get it?"

"It was in Professor Adams's library, and -- " "Who's Professor Adams? But never mind - what do I care about Professor Adams? Now what particular story of the collection are you reading, may I ask?"

"The 'History of Sindbad the Sailor,'" replied the boy, his eyes glistening. "I've read

it six times before."

"You have, eh?" said the stranger. "Well, you ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it. But there, there! you don't know any better. I 'd like to see your parents about it, though; do they live in this place?"

"No, they don't," snapped the boy, flushing angrily; then, with his book under his arm, he

bolted into the house.

"Not over polite, that lad!" soliloquized the gentleman; "but he does n't understand me. I rather like him; there 's an atmosphere of mystery about him that my trained instincts recognized at once. I wonder who he is."

At this moment Mr. Pettibone, the landlord,

stepped out upon the piazza.

"Wa' n't that a ten-dollar gold-piece yeou give me when yeou paid yeour bill 'baout quarter of an haour ago?"

"It was, sir," replied the stranger.

"Wa-al, I wonder what in time hez become on 't! I put it intew the drawer an' locked it up, an' when I went tew git it jest naow 't wa' n't there. Ef there 's thieves in this haouse - "

"I don't believe you have any thieves here, sir," interrupted the gentleman. "Perhaps we were both mistaken as to the denomination of the coin I gave you. Permit me to make your loss good"; and he thrust his hand into one of the pockets of the old trousers and produced a shining gold eagle.

"Wa-al, I dunno 's I ought ter-" began the landlord; but his guest interrupted him

with:

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! Take it; there the stranger. are more where that came from."

"Wa-al, I'll take it then; but ef I find the other - "

"You can return it - if you find it," said the gentleman, with a peculiar smile which Mr. Pettibone did not understand. "And now, landlord," he added, "I want to ask you a question: Who 's the lad that just went into the house? He has a rather interesting face."

"Him?" sniffed Mr. Pettibone. "Oh, that's

only Tom Smith."

"Only?" queried the stranger. "Why the adverb?"

" Hey?"

"I mean, why do you say only Tom Smith?"

"Oh, 'cause he ain't much accaount. Fact is, he 's a kind of an elephant on my hands."

"How is that?"

"It 's a ruther long story, an' I don't s'pose 't would interest you much," said Mr. Pettibone, evidently eager to tell it.

"Oh, yes, it would; let's have it," said the gentleman, seating himself and lighting a cigar.

"Wa-al, jest ez yeou say"; and the landlord deposited his lanky frame upon a chair near that occupied by his guest. "Yeou see," he went on, "that there Tom Smith is a kind of a myst'ry in these parts."

"I said so! I knew it!" exclaimed the stranger.

" Hey?"

"Go on, go on!" said the gentleman impatiently. "You have interested me deeply."

Mr. Pettibone, who had always prided himself on his ability as a story-teller, was plainly gratified. Tilting his chair back, and resting his cowhide boots upon the piazza railing, he said:

"'T wuz nine years ago this month that that there youngster was took up tew Perfesser Adams's academy — that big brick buildin' yeou see up on the hill vonder - an' left there tew be eddicated. He wa' n't more than five or six years old then, but he wuz ez smart ez a steel trap, an' the old perfesser an' his wife took a Them awful smart children fancy tew him. never amaounts tew much when they grow up - I s'pose yeou 've noticed that."

"Who brought the boy to Oakdale?" asked

"I wuz jest a-goin' tew tell yeou. He wuz a

kind o' queer-lookin' feller, they say - dressed tew kill, but sort o' nervous an' cranky. He paid fer a year's schoolin' in advance, an' went away 'thout givin' his name or address; he did n't even wait fer a receipt fer his money. The youngster cried fit tew raise the roof when he left. Arter a while they got him kind o' quieted daown, an' then they tried tew find aout his name. But all he could tell 'em wuz that 't wuz Tommy; he 'd either never heerd his last name, or he 'd fergot it, fer ter this day he nor nobody else don't know what 't is, The perfesser called him Smith, 'cause-wa-al, I s'pose 'cause he had tew call him somethin', an' Smith 's 'baout ez handy an all-raound name ez there is."

"And the fellow who left the boy there never came back?" interrupted the evidently interested listener.

"Wait a minute!" said Mr. Pettibone severely, not pleased at having the point to which he was trying to work up anticipated in this rough-and-ready manner; " wait a minute, I 'm gittin' tew that. Days passed, an' weeks, an' months, an' years; Mis' Adams, she inquired 'raound among the neighbors, an' at last the perfesser, he hired detectives, an' they dew say he paid ez much ez a hunderd dollars tew They hunted 'raound the best they knew haow - leastways they told the perfesser they did. They s'arched in Boston, an' in New York, an' in -"

"And in other localities, but they did not find the man; is n't that what you were going to say?"

"Wa-al, I s'pose 't is; but —"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said the stranger very politely, yet with a twinkle in his right eye - the black one, "but my time is precious. The man was never found, and the professor and his good wife kept the boy at the academy from year to year, hoping that some time the mystery surrounding him would be cleared up; is n't that right?"

"Wa-al, sence yeou know all abaout it, I don't see why yeou got me tew tell the story," said Mr. Pettibone sulkily.

"My good friend," laughed the gentleman, would be aware if you knew me better. Well, how much longer do the professor and his wife intend to keep the lad?"

"Don't yeou remember I told yeou he wuz an elephant on my hands?" said the landlord. "The perfesser's wife died four years ago, the perfesser died last month, the academy 's shet up, an' all the scholars is gone home 'xcept Tom Smith, an' he 's been kind o' loafin' 'raound, waitin' fer somethin' ter turn up."

"So he does n't belong anywhere in particular?" the stranger said.

"No; an' he ain't good fer nothin' in pertick-'ler, ez fur ez I kin find aout," returned mine host, laboriously rising to his feet. "I did think some o' givin' him a job here, but he don't seem tew take no int'rest in nothin' but them fool stories he 's allers a-readin'."

"He was reading the absurd and utterly unreliable account of the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor, just before he went into the house," said the guest with considerable warmth.

"I dunno the name o' the piece," said Mr. Pettibone, "but I don't b'lieve it 's fit readin' fer a youngster like him; I know I would n't let my children read it - ef I had enny."

"You are a man of intelligence, sir," said the gentleman warmly, his black eye softening and his blue eye positively melting as he turned them on his companion. "Those garbled accounts of the doings of Sindbad are calculated to do - have done - inestimable harm to the -er - the memory of that famous explorer."

Mr. Pettibone did not, apparently, see the force of this statement, for he looked rather bewildered; but as he entered the house he asserted uncompromisingly:

"None o' my children would n't read it, not ef I had a baker's dozen of 'em."

"Kindly send the boy out to me, landlord," the stranger called after him. "I'd like to have a little talk with him."

Five minutes later Tom Smith came shuffling out of the hotel, his book under his arm. Standing in the doorway, and eying the gentleman somewhat resentfully, he said:

"Mr. Pettibone says you want to see me."

"I do, my lad. Come and sit down here."

Instead of taking the chair designated by the "I am gifted with a little imagination, as you stranger, Tom perched himself on the piazza railing, saying:

"Well, here I am."

"Yes, and there your book is," said his companion, "— your 1804 copy of the 'Arabian Nights,' containing that absurd account of the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor. I seem fated to run across that volume wherever I go"; and the gentleman's brows contracted, his face flushed, and his right eye blazed ominously.

"If you don't like the book you don't have to read it," suggested Tom, rather impudently.

"I don't like it, and I don't read it—that is, not very often; once in a while I do, just to keep myself as mad as I know I ought to be to maintain my self-respect. Boy,"—with an abrupt change of tone,—"I 've a great mind to confide in you. I will. Just step into the office and look at my name on the register; it 's the entry right across the large grease-spot, and you may not be able to make it out."

Tom looked a little apprehensive as he sidled past his companion; perhaps he was afraid that the gentleman with the assorted eyes was crazy. In a few moments he returned.

"Did you find the entry?" queried the gentleman.

" Yes, sir."

"And what was it?"

"George W. Sindbad, Bagdad."

"That 's right. My lad, I am Sindbad the Sailor!"

CHAPTER II.

MR. SINDBAD TALKS BUSINESS.

Tom stared at his companion a few moments with a half-frightened look; then, his sense of humor overcoming his fear, he burst into a loud laugh, and said:

"Why, you can't be!"

"Why can't I?" asked the gentleman, calmly lighting a fresh cigar.

"Why, because — because you can't. The 'Arabian Nights' was written ever so many hundred years ago."

" I know that."

"Well, you can't be seven or eight hundred years old."

"Why can't I?" inquired Mr. Sindbad pla-

"Because - because you don't look it."

"You should never judge by appearances, my lad."

"But people don't live to be so old as that."

"Most people don't, but there are exceptions to every rule, and I am an exception to that one. I am several hundred years old, though I don't suppose I look more than forty-five or fifty."

"No, you don't," replied Tom, now convinced that the gentleman with the variegated eyes was stark, staring mad. "Well, I guess I must be going," he added, his nervous fear returning.

"No, you must n't; stay right where you are. I have business with you."

As he spoke Mr. Sindbad fastened his black eye upon the boy, and Tom felt as if he were fixed to the spot.

"What sort of business?" he faltered.

"Several sorts. In the first place, I want to convince you that I am really Sindbad the Sailor. You have heard of Ponce de Leon and his search for the Fountain of Youth?"

" Yes, sir."

"Well, do you know why he did n't find it? Because I got there several centuries before he was born—on my sixteenth voyage, in fact. The fountain was nearly dried up then, but I got a drink from it. I was then forty-seven years of age, and I have stuck there ever since. I don't suppose I shall ever be any older. Men come up and go down, kingdoms spring into life, and decay, and are forgotten, but I remain forty-seven just the same."

"You must be very tired of life by this time," said the incredulous Tom, with a faint giggle, as he tried to get a little nearer the door while Mr. Sindbad's magnetic right eye was cast down.

"Oh, I might be if I 'd let myself," replied the sailor; "but I make it a rule never to worry about what I can't help. I see plainly that you don't believe me yet"; and once more the black eye seemed to be reading Tom's very thoughts.

"I—I think maybe you 're mistaken," faltered the boy.

"Mistaken!" exclaimed Mr. Sindbad. "Now, that suggestion is almost an insult. But there! I must not lose my temper. Let us argue the

matter, my lad. Why do you think I am mis-taken?"

"Well, in the first place," said Tom, "Sindbad's name was not George W."

"How do you know it was n't?" asked the gentleman sharply.

gentleman sharply.
"The 'Arabian Nights' does n't say it was."

"There are a good many true things that you don't find in the 'Arabian Nights.' But, as a matter of fact, my name is not George W., except in this country. When I am in France, I am Anatole Sindbad; in Germany I am known as Fritz Sindbad. I find that in the United States George Washington is a very popular name, so here I am George Washington Sindbad. There 's one of your arguments knocked over; now let 's hear another."

"You spoke just now of your sixteenth voyage; Sindbad made only seven voyages."

"How do you know that? But you need not answer—you read it in the 'Arabian Nights.' Well, now, let me tell you it is a base falsehood, designed to injure me in the eyes of posterity—though, come to think of it, I don't suppose there will be such a thing for me as posterity. That seven-voyage yarn was an invention of that fellow Hindbad."

"The porter?"

"Yes. Oh, I wish I 'd lodged a complaint against the scoundrel at the nearest pasha's, and had him thoroughly bastinadoed!"

"But," said Tom, beginning to think that there might be something, after all, in the stranger's queer story, "I thought you and he were great friends."

"So we were for a while, but our friendship lasted only a week."

"You used to give him a hundred sequins every time he called—the book says so, anyway."

For the first time since the interview began Sindbad seemed embarrassed. He hesitated, coughed rather nervously, then said:

"I'll tell you how that was. Like all explorers, I am rather fond of narrating my adventures. It always interests me to hear myself talk, especially on the subject of the dangers I have passed. But some of my old Bagdad friends used to feel differently, and when I began the story of one of my voyages they would

interrupt me, and try to change the subject. It actually got to the point where I had to give a ten-course dinner to get any one to listen to me. Just then, this fellow Hindbad happened along, and I secured him as a listener by giving him one hundred sequins per voyage; and with each instalment of cash he got a purse worth at least five sequins. It was a reckless waste, I acknowledge, but I always was liberal and easy-going."

"What is a sequin worth in United States money?" asked Tom.

"Oh, something like a dollar eighty-five, I believe," replied Mr. Sindbad impatiently.

"Then you gave Hindbad nearly two hundred dollars just for listening to your account of one voyage?"

"Yes; to say nothing of the purse and a big dinner - and how that man could eat! But don't keep interrupting me. All went well enough until the eighth day. My eighth voyage was - well, it was a hummer! and I was feeling in good spirits at the prospect of having a chance to tell it. But Hindbad came straggling in with such a long face, that one glance at it put me out of sorts. 'What's the matter?' I asked him. 'Matter enough,' he replied surlily. 'Can I see you alone a minute?' I granted him a private interview, and he at once started in on a long prose poem beginning: 'Lo, how wretched am I!' This was in accordance with one of our Arabian customs, but as it was a custom that I never thought much of anyway, and as the dinner was getting cold, I interrupted him at the end of the first line, saying: 'Cut it short, Hindbad, and get down to business. What can I do for you?' 'Sindbad,' he said, taken aback by my abruptness, 'has it never struck you that a hundred sequins is a pretty slim fee for listening to the story of one of your voyages?' Well, my boy, I was never so astonished in my life. 'What do you mean?' I gasped. 'I mean just this,' he replied: 'I must have a hundred and fifty sequins after this, and the yarns must be cut down one half. Does that go?' Now," said Sindbad, relighting his cigar, which in his excitement he had allowed to go out, "did you ever hear of anything like that?"

Tom murmured that he never had, and asked

grateful Hindbad.

"I simply told him," replied Sindbad, "that I could not for a moment entertain his proposal; that I considered a hundred sequins a fair price, and that I could get dozens of the best people in Bagdad to listen to my story of my voyages for half the money. 'You'd better get 'em, then,' was his reply. 'All right; I will,' I said. Then he began to weaken. 'Well,' he said, 'maybe we can come to terms, Sindbad. It is n't that I don't like your stories, because I do' - this notwithstanding the fact that he had gone to sleep on the previous evening at the most interesting place in my seventh voyage where the elephant tore up by the roots the tree upon which I was roosted; you

"Yes, indeed!" said Tom, breathlessly.

remember that?"

"Well, that 's just the point at which that clod fell asleep, and it took me five minutes to awaken him. But, as I was saying, he insisted he was so fond of my stories that if he could have his way he'd give up his business as porter and listen to my

account of my voyages all day, at the uniform rate of one hundred sequins per voyage. 'I must, however, think of my family,' he said; 'and for their sake I am compelled to insist upon a hundred and fifty. You see how I am placed, don't you?' Well, I

absolutely refused to pay him more than my regular rate. Then he said: 'We won't quarrel about a trifle, Sindbad, old man. Make it a hundred and thirty sequins, and I'll be here regularly every evening. I don't feel as if I could get along without your deeply interesting stories,' This might have melted me if I had n't

his companion what reply he made to the un- a black slave of mine who was standing at the other end of the room. That settled it; I had him ejected from the house at once, and I 've never been able to bear the sight of a porter since."

"Did he ever come back, sir?" asked Tom.



"" I WISH I COULD FIND IT FOR YOU, MY FRIEND, BUT I "M AFRAID I CAN'T," SAID SINDBAD."

"Oh, yes, several times; but I would n't see him. The last time he called he sent up a note, in which he stated that on account of the hard times and the fierce competition against which he had to contend, he was willing to give me three evenings a week for fifty sequins; or the whole seven, and a matinee if I insisted, for a happened to catch him in the act of winking at hundred. But I paid no attention to his com-

VOL. XXIII.-26.

munication, and that was the last I heard of him for a number of years; in fact, I had forgotten all about him when the 'Arabian Nights' came out, and, to my amazement, I found my first seven voyages among the contents. The book was edited, compiled, and partly written by an enterprising though unscrupulous young journalist of Bagdad, - at least, we 'd call him a journalist in these days, - and he had bought Hindbad's garbled story of my voyages for five sequins. Think of that! Now do you wonder that the very mention of that man Hindbad's name enrages me?"

Tom said he did n't, and inquired if Hindbad's account of the voyages was really so very incorrect.

"Oh, in the main it 's pretty nearly right," replied Sindbad; "but he omits some interesting facts and introduces several incidents that never occurred at all. Then he makes himself altogether too prominent. And look at his description of me! He says I am 'a grave and venerable personage whose long white beard hung down to his breast.' Now that 's simply malice; for, as you see, there is n't a white hair in my beard."

Tom was still only half convinced that it was really the original Sindbad who sat opposite him telling this most extraordinary story.

"You speak first-rate English," he said, rather suspiciously; "I should never have thought that you were a foreigner."

"I acquired the faculty of speaking all languages during my nineteenth voyage," returned Sindbad. "I'll tell you about it some time. But I see you are still skeptical as to the genuineness of my claim. Now, as I am anxious to remove the last lingering doubt from your mind, I will prove to you that I am, to say the least, no ordinary man, and you will inferentially conclude that I am the one and only Sindbad."

Tom muttered something about being convinced already; but Mr. Sindbad interrupted him with a grim smile, saying:

"No, you 're not; but you will be in a minute or two. During my twenty-fifth voyage I was held a prisoner by a fairy several months, during which time she changed me into a number of different animals. I was always very observant, and I watched her closely and found out how she did it; and I can transform myself into any animal you like to mention. Just name three or four while you are about it, and I'll change myself into all of them with a rapidity that will astonish you."

"Well, he is crazy, and no mistake," thought Tom, "but I'd better humor him." So he said, "Well, change yourself into a horse, a kangaroo, and an elephant."

"That 's easy," laughed Sindbad. "Now watch me closely. By the way, you 'd better step over to the other end of the piazza if you don't want to get kicked by the animals."

Tom obeyed this suggestion with alacrity, only too glad to increase the distance between himself and his strange companion.

"Now, then," said Sindbad, "are you ready?" "I'm ready if you are," replied Tom, who

had made up his mind to jump off the piazza and run if his new acquaintance became violent.

The next moment there was a whizz and a whirr, Sindbad vanished like a puff of smoke, and in his place appeared in astonishingly rapid succession the three animals Tom had named. With such amazing swiftness did they materialize and disappear that it seemed to the boy as if he had seen them all at once.

One of them - Tom suspected the elephant -kicked the chair upon which Sindbad had been sitting into the middle of the road; it had scarcely touched the ground when the explorer reappeared, smiling triumphantly, but a little out of breath.

"Well, are you convinced?" he asked.

"I should say so!" gasped Tom. "I never saw anything like that."

"It 's easy enough when you know how," responded Sindbad lightly.

"But what made you do it so fast?" asked Tom.

"You seem to forget," replied Sindbad, "that this is a public place. If any one had happened along and seen me standing there as an elephant, it would have been very awkward for me. I should have been obliged to retransform myself into a man before his eyes, and my secret would have been out; and I'm not letting the general public into this. So you see I had to rush things. Do you mind getting that chair for me? I forgot to put it out of my way."

emerged from the house. He was scratching his head as if greatly puzzled, and his face wore a troubled look.

"This beats anything ever I see," he said. "I've lost the second gold eagle yeou give

"Indeed?" said Sindbad. "You seem to be rather careless with your money."

"I ain't gin'ally. I can't make aout what 's become on 't. Yeou see me put it intew my pocket, did n't yeou?"

"I did. Perhaps there is a hole in your pocket."

"No, there ain't; but the gold piece is gone. I 'm sure o' that," said the landlord.

"I'm really very sorry. I'd offer you another, if I could afford it."

"Oh, I don't expect nothin' o' that sort," Mr. Pettibone assured his guest. "Yeou 've paid me twice a'ready. But I would like tew know what 's become o' that there money."

"I wish I could find it for you, my friend;

Tom had just returned the chair to its place but I 'm afraid I can't," said Sindbad. "By on the piazza, when Mr. Pettibone again the way, can you give me change for another gold eagle?"

> "Cal'late I kin"; and Mr. Pettibone produced a roll of bills from his pocket, saying:

> "Yeou see, the rest o' my money 's all right. It 's only that there gold piece that 's gone Here you be, Mr. Sindbad - five, seven, nine, ten; cal'late yeou 'll find that all right."

> "Thank you, sir, and here is your gold eagle."

> "You don't carry nuthin' but gold, dew you?" said Mr. Pettibone.

"Very little else."

"Wa-al, I ain't goin' tew let this piece slip through my fingers. I'll take it an' lock it up in the safe right naow."

As the landlord reëntered the house, Sindbad turned abruptly to Tom, saying:

"I 've got to leave this place by the next train. Now then, my boy, I have a business proposition to make you. What do you say to going into partnership with me under the firm name of Sindbad, Smith & Co.?"

(To be continued.)

WHEN THE NEW YEAR COMES.

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

WHEN January breezes blow, The New Year comes across the snow, So pure and young, so straight and slender, His eyes alight, his cheeks aglow; And round him, shifting to and fro, The whitened world of drifted splendor.

Within the yard the children play, Attacking in a cruel way A tall snow-man, who stares about him, And, smiling coldly, seems to say No icy cannonading may Suffice ingloriously to rout him.

The frozen pond is smooth and wide; The skaters swing from side to side, And little boys, pursuing after, Arrayed in furs and filled with pride, Upon the glassy surface slide, And fall in heaps with shouts of laughter.

Within the house the fire glows, And ruddy apples, ranged in rows Before the blaze, are blithely peeling. The sun to bed discreetly goes, And then the doors of daylight close, And clear and cold the night comes stealing.

JOHNNY'S OBSERVATIONS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

By CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.



Somehow I can't understand
What the teacher said to-day,
About the seasons and the way
That the earth is tilted, and
How the days keep getting short,—
Short and shorter in the fall,—
Till (she said) the winter brought
Us the shortest days of all.

That stumps me—that 's what it does!
The shortest days I ever saw
Came this summer, when I was
Camping out at Colton's. Pshaw!

Talk about those days being long,
Why, they went by like a streak!
Forty of 'em (or I 'm wrong)
Would n't really make a week.

And now, she says, the days are short;
She made a diagram to show
Just how it was. I s'pose I ought
To understand — But all I know,
To-morrow holidays begin;
To-morrow Christmas 'll be here;
But I 'm sure to-day has been
The longest day in all the year!



THE PRIZE CUP.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XI.

"WHERE 'S THAT CUP?"

IT was ten minutes after this that the winner of the prize cup stepped out from the open door, put up a beckoning hand, and called in a very gentle voice, as if he had been addressing the Babes in the Wood:

"Gideon, if you please! Here, a minute!"

There was nothing in his look or tone to indicate the slightest inquietude of mind; so that Gid experienced a sense of relief to his ever-

growing apprehensions.

Fred had had time to discuss the situation with his friend, and to prepare for a calm, judicial inquiry. As he stepped back into the house, Gid followed, with a countenance almost too open and candid. It was, however, startled a little out of its childlike innocence of expression by the aspect of the solitary bottle on the table.

"The house seems to be in pretty good condition," Melverton remarked, standing with his hand on the back of his friend's chair; Quimby meanwhile playing with his empty glass, and smiling upon Gideon.

"I'm glad you find it so," said Gideon, gratefully.

"After we are gone," Fred proceeded, "you can take the empty bottle to the cellar. You know where the case is?"

Gid gave a little gasp, but answered promptly, " I guess I can find it."

He felt the eyes of both young men upon him, and his face, which was slightly pale at first, began to flush.

"When were you in the house last?" inquired the young proprietor.

"When I shut it up yesterday afternoon."

windows to-day."

"No," said Gid; "I was just going to, when vou came."

"You had n't been in the house, then, since

yesterday?"

The inquiries were taking a direction that did n't seem at all alarming; yet Gid felt that he was on the brink of some danger. As he really had not been in the house since the day before, he thought he might as well stick to the truth - and stuck to it.

"How happens it, then, that this window was unclasped?"

"Was it?" Gid exclaimed, in genuine surprise.

"I found it so," Fred Melverton replied. "Any rogue could have have got in."

Gid looked hot and troubled. But he said earnestly:

"I don't know how it happened. I clasped it. I can't understand!"

He began to tremble, remembering that he had not opened that window since the afternoon when he left the room in such haste to follow Osk Ordway to the cellar. He had, indeed, avoided that part of the house ever since, on account of the disagreeable associations his conscience connected with it.

"When did you have it open last?" Fred inquired.

"I - can't - remember," Gid replied, fearful of committing himself.

"You have n't had any of your friends in the house since you have been in charge?" Fred smilingly queried.

For a moment Gid felt the dreadful necessity of telling the simple truth, and gaining some sort of foothold in the mire of deception in which he felt himself sinking. But the spirit of Osk Ordway seemed to control him, and he answered stoutly:

" No; of course not."

"And - you said you guessed you could "Oh! I remember! You had n't opened the find the case of cider-bottles; - you had n't found it already?"

" No: of course not."

He had drunk but little of the two bottles he sure he had admitted too much. had permitted Osk to open; and Osk had persuaded him that the Melvertons were not a family that counted their bottles very closely. Still he had been troubled with a dread of

these questions, and he had made up his mind beforehand how he would answer them. A good, rousing falsehood, he hoped, would carry him through his present difficulties.

"I did n't suppose you would," said the young man, pleasantly. "Don't consider me too inquisitive, but I would like to ask who unlocked this drawer?"

Gid was stunned for a moment. Seeing the drawer closed, and the key in it, and being sure he had not left it so, he wondered how Fred could have found out that it had been unlocked.

"That drawer!" he said, with growing agitation. "Unlocked? I don't know anything about it!"

"Did you know what was in it?" Fred

"Y-yes," Gid faltered. "I thought you put your prize cup in it the day you left me in charge."

"You saw that, did you?" Fred queried, looking sharply at him.

Gid was afraid he was admitting too much; but he answered:

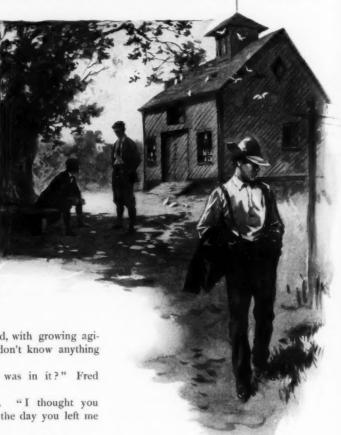
"I could n't help seeing you put the cup in the drawer. I happened to look back just as I was leaving the room, that day you left for the sea-shore."

"There is no mistake, then, about my locking the cup in the drawer? I was beginning Ketterell! -where 's that cup?"

And Gid repeated, even more emphatically, to think there might be," Fred remarked, so unsuspiciously and quietly that Gid was quite

> "I ain't quite positive," he said. "I thought you put it in one of the drawers."

> The questioner did not seem to no-, but added: tice this qualification,



GID GETS HIS DISCHARGE.

"And you 've been the only one in the house since?"

"Fur as I know," replied the culprit, aghast at what he felt sure was coming.

"Well, there 's the drawer," said Fred, opening it. "But it's empty—like the bottles" with a smile of gleaming sarcasm. "Gideon

CHAPTER XII.

GID'S ENTANGLEMENT.

GID stepped to the drawer, and saw for himself that the prize cup was gone. Only the red napkin remained as it had been left when he replaced the cup after showing it to Osk.

"Hain't you took it out?" he asked, as he turned an appealing look on Fred Melverton.

Fred replied, imperturbably:

"I have n't taken it, nor seen it, since you were witness to my locking it in that drawer."

"Must have been stole!" Gid murmured. "Looks as though the house had been broke into!"

"It certainly has been stolen," the young master replied frankly. "And the house has been broken into, unless your key let the robber in."

"But I hain't took it!" Gid protested, with the utmost earnestness. "I don't know nothing about it!" In times of unusual excitement he was apt to relapse into double negatives, an early habit, of which he was supposed to have been cured at school. "I wish I did!"

He was almost ready to cry. Better than that, he was almost ready to tell the truth. Why had he not done so before? Why had he not explained at once how Osk forced his way into the house, actually compelled him to show the cup, and then opened two bottles of the cider - drinking the most of it himself - in spite of him? Instead of that, he had gone on with denial after denial, winding himself up in this terrible entanglement, from which even confession itself might not clear him.

Fred Melverton put to him a few more searching questions, without obtaining satisfactory replies, then said quietly:

"I don't see that you will help me much in clearing up the mystery. You can go, Gideon, and await further orders."

Again Gideon turned toward him with red, with some irritation. appealing eyes.

with a lump in his throat.

"I am not prepared to say what I think," the young man replied, with a resolute calmness more terrifying to poor Gid than violent threats or accusations would have been. "Go, now."

Gid hesitated, struggled with the lump in his throat, trying to speak, and finally withdrew without another word; but paused again at the door, with half a mind to go back and confess his own share in the transaction which he felt sure must at least have opened the way to the robbery. But that simple step required more courage than he possessed; and every moment was making it more difficult for him to take it. He slowly went down the steps, and presently the merry clatter of the lawn-mower was heard once more. But it was not a merry sound to Gid's ear.

Then Fred Melverton turned to his guest, who had all the while sat a silent spectator of the scene, and exclaimed:

"Old fellow, speak a word!"

And the guest replied, "It's a funny conglom'!" meaning conglomeration, as we may as well interpret for the benefit of those who have n't heard young people spice their speech with these peculiar abbreviations.

"What do you make of that boy?" Melverton asked, walking nervously to and fro.

"Want my opin'? Let me tell you first, Melf," the guest answered, "what I make of you. I 've thought the Tech" (Institute of Technology) "was your right place, and I was confirmed in that when I saw you befog that boy's brain (if he has one) with your jargon about ventilation, condensation, evaporation, and all the other 'ations. But now I 'm under the impresh' that you should have chosen the law."

"How do you make that out?" Melverton inquired.

"Why, the way you cross-exam'd that unwilling witness was worthy of a first-class pettifogger. You tangled him up like a dog-fish in a square rod of gill-netting."

"Was n't it his own fault?" Fred demanded,

"No doubt of it!" said Quimby. "It was "I hope you don't think I -" he uttered, not the bald-headed truth he was giving you. But it seemed to me you began at the wrong end of the string in trying to get the snarl out."

"What are you driving at?"

"Suppose," said Canton Quimby, with a smile that would have sugar-coated his bitterest criticism - " suppose you had shown him the empty drawer in the first place and given him time to think what a serious business it was, before you tried your corkscrew?"

"I don't see, Canton!" Fred replied. rueful laugh. "Instead of opening his mouth I was ingeniously shutting it."

> "Something like that," Quimby smilingly assented.

> "How much does he know about the robbery?" Fred demanded.

> "Something: not everything," replied the guest.



"FRED CROSSED THE BROOK AND CAUGHT HIM UP IN HIS ARMS."

"I was only trying to loosen the wires from the cork, before opening the bottle," Fred said, tossing back the figure of speech.

"Instead of that you were all the while twisting them tighter. You let him commit himself to one denial after another, in minor matters which involved tracks that led directly to the trap you had ready to spring upon him-tracks he could n't retrace. Do I make my meaning clear?"

"That 's the way I read him," said Melverton. "I can't think he stole the cup himself, but I'm inclined to believe he knows who did. He 's mixed up in it."

Canton Quimby nodded approvingly, and said: "Of course he is."

"The cider I care nothing about; some not very bad boys might fall into a temptation of that sort. And I could pardon his carelessness - if that 's the name for it - in leaving "I should say so!" Fred exclaimed, with a the window unclasped. But he is so evidently concealing something! I'm at a loss to know dogged, down look, tipping his hat-brim so as what to do."

"Want my opin'?"

"I should like it very much."

"Tell that youthful prevaricator he can put on his coat and go home. In short, fire him! That is," said the guest, "unless he will tell you where the cup is, or who has it."

"That's the logic of it, of course," said Fred, again walking to and fro in troubled thought. "But I don't want to injure him. His mother is really a very worthy woman, and I hate a

"Naturally," replied the guest. "But, Melf. it is n't generally thought wise to keep a person in a place of trust after he has shown himself unfaithful."

"You're right every time," Fred said, hastily out and walked about the place.

"The house will be all right for a few days," remarked the young proprietor, musingly; "so will the lawn and the flower-beds. But I must get somebody to feed the cat and the poultry. I think I can manage that,"

CHAPTER XIII.

GID LOSES HIS SITUATION.

THE lawn had been trimmed, and Gid Ketterell was running the inverted mower toward the barn, when Melverton intercepted him.

"Well, Gideon, you've had a little time to think about it. You see how it is. Can you give me any idea how that cup has got hocuspocused out of the house while you have been in charge? That 's what we 've got to find out, you know."

"I know it," replied Gid. "And I'd tell if I had the slightest notion what 's become of it, -but I hain't."

In the interim of reflection he had fully resolved to stick to his original story, and admit nothing that would reflect blame upon himself.

"You can't think of anybody who may have known about it, and got into the house and taken it? For I can't find that anything else has been touched," Fred continued. "Seems to me you must be able to tell us something."

"I would if I could," Gid muttered, with a "if that strikes you favorably."

to hide his conscious face: "but I can't."

"Sorry!" replied Fred, exchanging glances with Canton Quimby, who stood by, twirling a flower in his fingers, but never losing a word of the dialogue. "I'm afraid I shall have to dispense with your services. Gideon."

"All right!" said Gideon, surlily. That was evidently what he had expected.

"The house has been entered," the young master continued, "I rather think, more than once. Cider-bottles have been emptied; I find a sash unfastened, and a prize no money can replace has disappeared. Mind, I don't accuse you of anything. But look at it yourself .does n't it seem as if the place might have been better taken care of?"

"Maybe it might; don't know," Gid mumclearing the table; which done, the two went bled. He wanted to say more, but the lump was in his throat again; and, indeed, what could he say, unless he began by retracting his previous denials, the falsity of which he felt was certain some day to appear?

> Fred waited a minute for him to speak, then said gently:

> "I'll take your key of the house, if you Gid produced it from his pocket. please." "Thank you, Gideon."

"Sha'n't I carry that bottle to the cellar?" Gid inquired, looking up with a sullen despair in his eyes.

"No, I won't trouble you. The bottles will do very well without your attention," Fred replied, with a shade of sarcasm in his tones. "Let's see, you've been here - not quite so long as you might have stayed under other circumstances." He was opening his pocket-book, while Gid, his eyes once more cast down, kicked the graveled walk with his toes, "It was to be five dollars a week, was n't it?"

Gid's features worked, and a tear slid down his cheek. He had been so proud of his "snap," as he called it; and the money, to be so easily earned, had seemed so much to him! I regret to say, he had considered far less what it would be to his hard-working mother. It was as a hard-hitting mother that he thought of her now.

"We 'll call it seven dollars," said Melverton,

"I don't want your money," Gid muttered, sniffing away his tears. "I won't take it!"

He was turning away, convulsed with grief, or anger, or remorse, or dread of his mother, or all these together, when Fred laid a hand kindly on his shoulder, and with the other extended the bank-notes.

"Oh, yes, you will, Gideon!" he said, his voice trembling a little with sympathetic emotion. "Take it to your mother; she can't afford to miss anything you may have the luck to earn. I hoped you would earn a good deal for her and yourself during the summer. I am as much disappointed as you are, Gideon."

He thrust the bills under the boy's suspenders. Then, after a pause: "In parting with you, may I give you a bit of advice?—with the kindest feelings toward you, Gideon, understand. If another chance offers, be faithful,—and truthful, and—" His voice broke. "Gideon," he added, with an effort at self-control, "I am as sorry as you are; and—I—I wish you well!"

This was more than Gid could stand. He was prepared to encounter harsh and threatening words; but kindness was too much for him. He started to speak, but found he could n't without sobbing. If Fred had given him time, and asked him again to tell the truth, he might have told all. But Fred merely said, "Leave the barn key in the door, after you have put away the mower," and walked off with his friend.

Gid cast a lowering look after them, as they passed through the rhododendron clumps, and down the bank; then glanced at the money, as he put it into his pocket, muttering revengefully: "It was Osk,—I know it was, as well as if I'd seen him do it! It's all up with me! I'll just about kill him, when I ketch him, if ma don't kill me first!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MIDGET AND HIS FRIENDS.

"What do you think now?" Fred asked his friend, as he led the way down the bank toward the brooklet.

- "Want my opin'?"
- "I always want it."
- "In the first place," said Canton Quimby,

"I find I was mistaken, after all, about your proper sphere. It 's neither science nor the law; it 's the ministry."

"How do you cipher that out?"

"Why, you talked to that scapegrace like a regular old parson. Almost made me cry!"

"I hope I have n't wronged him! Or, rather, I hope I have! I shall be very glad to know that my suspicion is unfounded. I 'm wondering what my mother will say," Fred added dubiously.

"Your suspish' is all right; founded on a rock," replied Quimby, confidently. "Did n't you see? He was on the very point of breaking down. Your old clergyman's talk went deep,—plowed a tremendous subsoil furrow,—really got down to his conscience, if you call it that, when it 's the fear of exposure chiefly that makes a poor sinner anxious to confess a fault, and sorry he committed it. Not a first-class conscience,—hardly the genuine, fast-color, warranted-not-to-fade article,—but 'jes' better than none at all,' as the old negro woman said of her husband. He 'll own up yet."

"I hope he will!" Fred exclaimed fervently.

"But I say, Melf!" cried Quimby, looking around upon the little glen into which they had descended. "You did n't tell me you kept a small private paradise here! A miniature Garden of Eden! This brook, these wooded banks and overarching boughs, the sunshine flickering

"Glad you like it," said the young proprietor, well pleased.

through,—it 's perfectly exquiz'!"

"Like it!" echoed the guest. "That 's no word for it. Where 's Adam? Seems to me he should be around somewhere. There 's the infant Cain now,—or is it Abel?"

"It's the little deaf-mute I told you about," said Melverton. "Over there is the parsonage side of the brook."

Quimby was regarding the child with intense curiosity.

"What an elf!" he exclaimed.

"I 'll show him to you," said Melverton, leading the way along the streamlet's edge.

At a spot where it gushed between two rocks, the child was stooping over a tiny water-wheel which the current kept whirling, while he dropped twigs and small sticks upon it, to see unconscious of the voices and the feet approaching behind him, until the young men were quite near; then he turned with quick surprise and a bright laugh, as Fred crossed the brook and caught him up in his arms.

"He's the preciousest little old man that ever was!" cried Fred, tossing him. "He knows his best friend!" as the child put out a tiny hand and smoothed the young man's cheek. "But think of it, Quimby! He can't hear a word, and never will in all his life!"

"'The pity of it! The pity of it!" Quimby quoted, with a sincerity of feeling that betrayed a tender heart under all his gaiety. "Born so?"

"No. Scarlet fever. A terrible calamity. He 's the only one who does n't realize it. You never saw a happier sprite. Curious, what compensations nature sometimes provides for our worst ills. Blessed himself, he 's a blessing to all around him. Keeps the little trickling springs of affection open in their hearts, you know. I believe he 's a source of deeper happiness to his mother than if he had all his five senses, like her other children."

There were bright tears in the young man's fine eyes as he held the child on his shoulder, clasping with one hand the little wet feet, and with the other arm hugging him close to his handsome head and manly neck.

"He must be a great care, though," said Quimby, looking into the child's laughing eyes, and studying their expression. "Mischievous, I fancy."

"He 's in everything!" Fred replied. "Of course it 's impossible to discipline him as you would another child. Conscientious - very in his own way; but his notions of right and wrong are sometimes strangely inverted, judged by our standards. If he wants a thing, he'll have it, if he can get it; the desire is justification enough, to his unsophisticated conscience. There 's no use keeping shoes and stockings on him; he 's in the brook a dozen times a day."

"Have they ever tried to teach him to speak by the modern methods of deaf-mute instruction?"

even learn the printed or sign alphabet. The to them sometime, though not to-day."

them flung off with the flying drops. He was trouble is," said Fred, "he communicates too easily in a sign-language of his own. He is trying to tell us something now. What is it, Midget? That's the name we can't help giving him, it fits him so exactly."

> The child, carried in his arms along the brookside, looked back up the stream, making earnest gestures, a quick, whirling movement of his little hand being one of them.

> "Something about his water-wheel," Quimby observed, making a similar motion in return.

Midget nodded with pleasure, and, slipping from Fred's arms, ran back to the spot where he had left his wheel. This he removed from its support of two stakes, held it up laughingly, and made signs that were easy to interpret.

"He is afraid some accident may happen to it if he leaves it there," Fred remarked; "and he is going to take it to the house. Let's see if I can make him do an errand for me."

As Midget came running back to him, Fred secured his attention, and, looking down into his bright little face, began to communicate with him in a way that surprised and amused Canton Quimby, who stood observing them, and endeavoring to read their language.

"He understands," Melverton said, as the child, with a final affirmative response, started to run up the bank toward the old parsonage.

"I understand, too, - some of your gestures, anyway," replied Quimby. "When you put up your hand,-like this,-you meant to ask for somebody as high as your necktie; but when you put it behind your ears, with a motion of cutting your head off, that bothered yours truly."

"I meant a person about that height, as you say, and with short hair. His mother is near Tracy's height, and his sister is almost as tall; but they have long hair. There 's a young minister boarding in the house; but he is taller than Tracy. Midget told me his brother was at home; then I said, 'Find him, and bring him down here to see me.'

"That 's nothing to the conversations his family can carry on with him," Fred went on, as they seated themselves on the bench by the brook. "It's a very interesting family, as "Yes, but without much success. He won't you will see; for I am going to introduce you

(To be continued.)



A PRINCE of Persia had three sons, And each of them had planned To be the greatest archer known In all that goodly land.

The prince one day called unto him The eldest of the three.

- "Behold, my son! Canst shoot the bird Tethered to yonder tree?"
- "Ay, sire." Aladdin drew his bow With fiercely kindling eye, But paused before the arrow sped, Checked by his father's cry:

- "Stop! stop! my son. One moment wait! Tell me, what dost thou see?"
- "I see tall rocks, the river wide, A vulture, and a tree—"
- "Go to!" the father cried in scorn—
 "Thou seest too much, by far.
 Dost think that, gazing on the moon,
 Thou canst bring down a star?
- "Go, seek thy brother Ahmed now; Bid him come here in haste." In Ahmed's willing hands, ere long, The royal bow was placed.

- "Bring down for me yon kingly bird, My son," the father said.
- "I will," the boy replied, and drew The arrow to its head.
- "Tell me, what dost thou see, my boy?"
 Went forth the father's cry.
- "I see the palms, the purple hills, The forest, and the sky —"
- "Enough! enough! Thou seest too much.

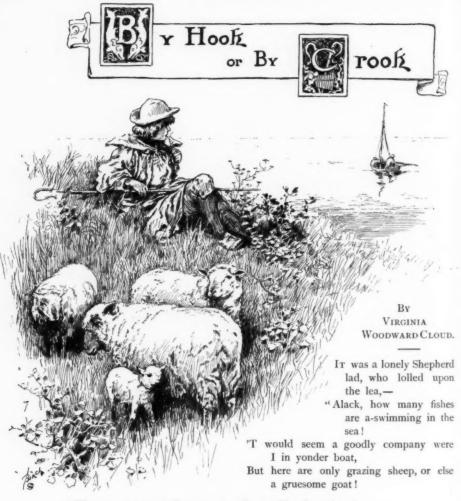
 Bid Selim meet me here."

 And soon the youngest of his sons

 With hurrying steps drew near.
- "Selim, take thou these weapons here; Kill yonder bird for me: But ere thine arrow leaves its bow, Tell me what thou dost see."
- "I see, my sire, a gleaming eye Burn in a vulture's head."
- "Shoot! shoot!" the enraptured father cried.
 "Shoot! shoot!" The arrow sped.

 A messenger rode forth in haste,
 And brought the vulture—dead!





"The sun comes up, the sun goes down, alike day after day; I come and go with my slow sheep in just the selfsame way. I am tired of the hilltop, I am tired of the lea,
And I would I were yon Fisherman a-skimming o'er the sea!"

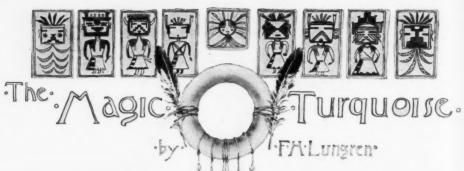
It was a lonely Fisherman, who drifted with his boat,—
"Alack! this life is nothing more than fish, and row, and float;
There 's plenty worth the living for if I were on the land,
But here the world is all made up of water, salt, and sand.

"There might be more variety if things were turned around,
And sheep went scampering in the sea and fishes on dry ground;
I am tired of the fishes, I am tired of the sea,
And I would I were you Shepherd lad, a-lolling on the lea!"



Then the Fisherman he shouldered his basket, rod, and hook, While the Shepherd sauntered surlily, a-slinging of his crook; They nodded to each other,—a nod unreconciled,—And the great sun gave a parting look, then smiled, and smiled!





HONANI sat on the furthest point of the mesa, looking over to the southwest. Behind him the pueblo rose in terraces of age-worn stone, small-windowed and manystepped, glaring in the sunlight of an Arizona noon. Hundreds of feet below was the plain, dotted near by with fields of corn and melons shrunken for the want of water. Beyond, it stretched away in endless tawny waves of barrenness until, a hundred miles away, it met the sky at the base of the mighty Nu-vat'-ikyan-obi, the "houses of the snows." Beyond this his sight could not go unless turned to the far-distant cloud specks in the pale blue sky—that sky which in the summer heat seemed to tremble in laughter and mock him; but he knew that far beyond, on the other side of those snow-capped peaks, in a strange country, lay hidden the great sacred turquoise ring - blue like the sky which trembled above, and with hints in its depths of the great green waters the "grandfathers" sometimes whispered of. A man's handbreadth it was, fashioned cunningly from one perfect mass torn from the heavens, it was said, by the great Pawa'-quas, or wizards, in the old time, and he who could but touch it would have his wish; and to him who wore it on his breast the future was as one long dream of pleasure, or of great deeds, if so he willed.

This had been told him by old Masi, his great-uncle, before he died from that cruel fall down the dizzy cliff, while Honani brought him water and held his head upon his lap,— for they were fast friends, the old man and the young boy. There, far away in the south country, the magic turquoise waited for its master, and Honani, the young Ho'-pi boy, alone knew

of its hiding-place. But the great distance; the strange country to be traveled over; the danger from burning thirst amid the countless miles of fierce, hot sands; the gnawing hunger when in the endless pine forest,—not to speak of terrible bears and lions, "Honan" and "To-ho'-a,"—were obstacles which loomed higher than the towering peaks of the "houses of the snows."

And still Honani looked and longed. If he could only come to this great talisman, how quickly would all those hardships which seemed to fill his life vanish into thin air! Then would his old mother be well again, his father recover the flocks stolen by the wicked Navajos. Recover? Why, he should have countless ponies and sheep and cattle, and he - Honani would become a great captain, and would smite the Navajo, the Pah-ute, and the Apache, and all other enemies of his people, until his name would become a power and a blessing in his own land, and a sound of terror to his foes. Then would the grateful rains come in fullness, and where was now a desolation of famine would be a land of plenty. Again would the Ho'pituh give thanks to "Those above," and the name of Ma'-sau-wâh * would be strange in the houses of the "peaceful people."

How many times he had dreamed these dreams he could not count; and he might have gone on so dreaming had not chance sent Nevat'-i of the Eagle clan to taunt him.

"Since how long, my brother, has the badger (honani) taken to the cliff tops, the eagle's rightful place? Yours is down there, or over yonder"; and he pointed by chance toward the snow peaks.

" Death.



"HE STOOD ON THE TERRACE BENEATH, IN A FLOOD OF MOONLIGHT." (SEE PAGE 218.)

VOL. XXIII.-28.

Honani wakened from his dream of conquest, and, stung into loss of temper by the contemptuous tone of Ne-vat'-i, the pueblo bully, answered hotly: "Though I be but a badger, have a care lest I undermine the eagle's cliff, and put a ring around his leg!"

Small as was this pebble of thought, it started there and then an avalanche in Honani's mind to defeat and properly humiliate Ne-vat'-i, who, although skilful in all accomplishments of the Indian lad, was boastful and arrogant beyond endurance.

Now, too, after the small stock of corn was gathered, would come those fiercely waged contests of skill and endurance so dear to the heart of the savage boy, making or marring him in the eyes of the people; and this year, Honani knew full well, in all the matches it was really Ne-vat'-i he would be pitted against; and Ne-vat'-i was not of pure Tusayan blood,—in truth, but half Navajo,—and everybody knew all the Navajos were wizards. Here was a new incentive: he would match magic against magic, and do it with the turquoise ring.

That night he slept but little. Plan after plan came and went, but all of them required his telling his secret, and old Masi had warned him not to. His first plan of waiting until he was older and stronger seemed the only one, after all,—in two or three years,—but what might not happen in that time? He might be dead—the magic ring be found by another! No! There was but one thing to do—to go, and to go at once.

With the first light of dawn he was about, looking cautiously for food to hide until he was ready to start. All day he hung about the "grandfathers," asking as carelessly as he could questions about the way to the south country, his heart sinking many times at the stories they told of its terrors of thirst, hunger, and evil spirits. Still he resolved to go on and reach the hiding-place; after that, with the magic ring, he would have no fear.

Slowly the sun sank behind the western mesas and was gone. Then all the land was bathed in the wondrous afterglow, more beautiful than any bright sunshine; the flocks were driven up from the purple-shadowed plain to the corrals nestling on the cliff-side; the twilight deepened

and then was checked by the great full moon mounting the clear, still sky, and there was peace upon the land.

Honani's plans (if plans they could be called) were to wait until the pueblo was asleep, for they were early people there, and then to steal away, making no noise. The dogs would bark, of course, but that was the way of Indian dogs - to sleep all day and bark all night. Slipping cautiously from his blanket-bed, and half whispering a "good-by" to his little sister lying near the door, he worked his way along in the deep shadows of the houses, past the openings of the ki-vas* of the snake and antelope priests, through a little open court, until he stood on the top of the "way of the high place," a dizzy trail or stone ladder, going down, down, almost straight into the black shadow cast by a huge pillar of rock which had separated from the mesa, standing like a giant sentinel guarding the ladder of stone between it and the parent cliff. It was enough to cause a white boy to grow sick with dizzy terror, but to Honani, living all his life upon the mesa, as he hung there between heaven and earth, the greatest fear was the dark shadow, because it was strange, and it seemed like going down in Shi'-pa-pu - the entrance to the under-world. But down he went, and, coming from the shadow, stood on the terrace beneath a flood of moonlight which turned the walls of the cliff to silver.

When he reached the plain, six hundred feet below, he took from a clump of Rocio his bow and quiver, his throwing-stick shaped like a boomerang, the bag of food, and his earthen canteen. Then, having placed his prayer-sticks carefully, and addressing a fervent petition to "Those above," he turned his face to the "snow houses."

Behind him the mesa, crowned by the pueblo, towered against the sky like a huge dismasted ship, and over all hung the wonder of the moon.

All that night he walked on, steadily yet fearfully, until the highest peaks of Nu-vat/-ikyan-obi began to reflect palely the first faint flush of the approaching day, growing more and more splendid in glowing rose-tinted snow and deep-blue cañons, as Ta'-wa, the great day-god, waked from his repose in the Ta-wa'-ki†

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^{*} Underground temples.

[†] Sun-house,

and stepped forward to carry the "shield of light" to his western house.

Who can tell the story of Honani's journey, and tell it truly? Only he can know of the weary way over that riot of color and desolation, volcano-rent and lava-ribbed; that hideous waterless waste of scarred and cinder-strewn grave—the "painted desert." And when he lost himself in the shadows of the mighty "houses of the snows," drinking of their icy springs, there still stretched before him for many a day's journey a trackless forest of giant pines, to that strange "jumping-off" place where the world sinks into a snarled mass of distorted mountains and cañons, heaped and piled in titanic confusion two thousand feet sheer below the pine-trees on the brink.

Through the mysterious and misleading recesses of the forest he passed, hungry unto death at times, almost overwhelmed by the labor to be done, while the pine branches against the sky waved him ever on and southward. At length he came to where it seemed he could almost look down to the very spot where lay the treasure, if old Masi had not been wrong in his many directions. The shape of certain mountains and cañons convinced him he was right, and that the stream hundreds of feet below him ran past the hiding-place. Down past endless misshapen cedars, gnarled in the most fantastic distortion, plowing through the heavy soil, half tumbling the last fifty feet, until, utterly worn out, he reached the stream-bed. Then he went on, looking ever to his right, for on that side was the hiding-place of the great turquoise ring. So suddenly did he come to the very place told of by Masi, that he shrank back with surprise and superstitious fear.

He had expected to find a ruined house or two, but before his startled eyes stretched a dead city. In a great bend of the stream, and forming a huge amphitheater, the cliffs rose glittering and dazzling white a hundred feet or more, when the stone changed to a soft graybrown, and went up as high again. Just where the white and brown rock met at the deepest part of the bend, a colossal bite had been taken out of the face of the cliff, forming a great cave. In this space a people, now gone, leaving no record but these silent ruins, had built a most

curious and remarkable structure, over five stories high, receding one above the other, until the upper story was far within the shadow of the cave. This was plainly the citadel, or great communal house; for on both sides, following the curve of the white cliff, were the windows and doorways of innumerable cavedwellings, hollowed from the soft tufa of which it was composed. The central building might have been made only a few years ago by some of Honani's own people, so fresh and new it seemed; but both its position and the caves told of a time long ago, when, without doubt, this was the home of a numerous and prosperous people. In the great bend of the stream had been their fields, and high up, secure from dangers, they had lived, loved, and died.

Now all was dead. The fortress frowned down from its recess, sphinx-like, in the hot, vibrating air; the doors and windows looked, from the face of the white cliff, like eyes from out a skull; and over all brooded a stillness as of death. Over Honani, crouching below, there came a feeling of awe born of fear - nameless, but very real. He was not old enough to have all the fear of a full-grown Indian in the presence of anything connected with death; but the thought that up into the great house hung against the cliff he must go, or forever renounce the turquoise ring, left him so weak and unnerved that the rustle of a lizard in the grass made him start and tremble. How long he remained gazing at that blinding city in the air, he did not know; but the heat forced him to movement. Drawn on, vet afraid, he slowly, with many halts and starts, began to climb the sloping talus, or rubbish, at the foot of the cliff.

To reach the great central mass of buildings he found, on examination, that even to him, rock-bred though he was, the face of the cliff just below the fortress was too hard to climb, and he was forced to approach it by picking his way along the terraces in front of the cavebuildings. It took him a long time to gain a point nearly below the great house; but at last, with torn hands and feet, exhausted in strength, and panting, he drew himself up to the ledge at the base of the wall, and lay there trembling.

Nearly at his hand was a very small door,

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opening into the lower story of the building. This door, he knew by his own home, did not mean the people who had used it were very small themselves, but made it harder for an enemy to get through in the face of resistance. The room into which he crawled was small and low-ceiled, having a hatchway into the room above, through which the rough ladder still projected.

Old Masi had told him to go to the very topmost room. In this he would find a small stream of water falling into a little basin-like cavity in the floor next to the back wall, and there disappearing into a fissure of the rock. This was the water-supply in case of siege, and Honani thought how lucky that was, instead of having to carry water up hundreds of feet, as at home. In that pool, Masi said, lay the great Scrambling up through successive turquoise. hatchways, he passed rooms with all their contents for living, as when the builders used them. Why they had gone in such an evident hurry, Honani did not question: the magic ring was just beyond. In the dim light of the room up in the funnel of the cave it was hard to see, and he listened for the sound of water; but not the faintest murmur came to his ear. Groping along the entire back wall, he came to a small basin in the rock; but it was dry, and lined with Then his heart stood still, for the cavity was empty. Some one had been before him, and now the ring was lost to him beyond all hope.

He lay down on the floor, his head hot and swirling, his heart heavy as lead. One explanation after another chased through his excited brain. Then he felt angry. Could the story of the magic ring be a dream—the vaporings of a weak old man? And had he come so far, and suffered so much, to find a handful of dust shut in a cell built no one knows how long ago?

Masi must, of course, have been there. His description of the route and place was too vivid for any dream; but the turquoise!—that he must have imagined. Perhaps the fierce heat he, too, had just come through, had turned the old man's head. That was possible; but he could not tell.

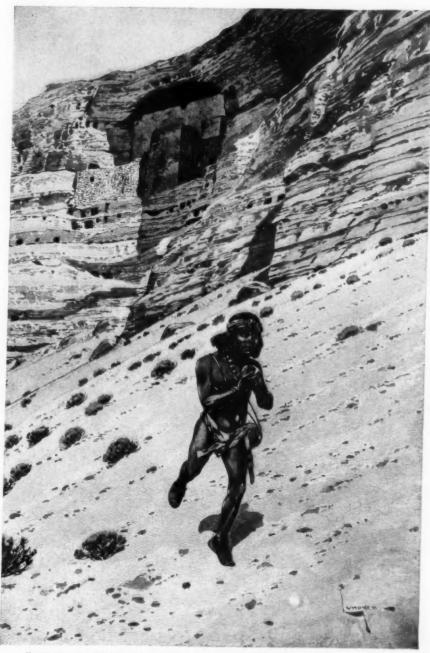
Worn out and heavy with disappointment, Honani lay down where he was, not daring to eat of the morsel of dried beef he had left, and

slept. It was so dark in the little room, and he had been so tired, he did not awaken until a ray of light, coming through the only window opening to the east, fell upon his face. toilet was simply to put his hair from out his eves and stand up, and he was "dressed." He lingeringly turned to leave the place of his great disappointment, and as he did so the nearly level beam of light fell full upon the little dry pool, and catching the surface of a mass of rock projecting from the side, caused it to shine and sparkle like a thousand fireflies. It was so pretty, Honani decided to take the crystal along for his little sister Ta-la-on'-ci, in far-off Tusavan. whose eves were nearly as bright. After a great deal of work, and by good use of his "throwing-stick" as a lever, it came away, a mass half as large as his head, pure white, and sparkling.

Down the ladders, and through the same rooms, he went, his spirits very low, and when he crawled again through the little door he was blinded by the glitter and glare from the cliffs on both sides. The way back to the stream as he had come seemed so long, he decided to return more directly. Tying the white rock by a deerskin thong about his neck, he cautiously let himself down backward from the upper platform, feeling with his toes along the wall for a foothold.

He had gone two thirds down when the treacherous tufa gave way beneath his weight, and down he fell, face to the wall, clutching at everything to save himself, until, bruised and cut, he lay at the bottom of the cliff, with no breath, and, for the moment, very little life left in him. Had he been other than an Indian boy, his fall would have cost him dear. As it was, he was sore and shaken, but not seriously hurt.

The sun was very hot, and he started for the shade of the bushes along the stream. Then he noticed the white rock was gone from about his neck; the thong was broken or cut by his fall. Not wishing to leave it, he went back, and easily found it by the buckskin thong still tied around it. Lifting it up with a jerk, fully half of it broke away. He could have cried with vexation had he not been an Indian. It was hardly worth carrying away now; the white, glittering crystals were only a shell around a dirty, brown, greasy-feeling bundle, which he idly pulled apart, and then sat down in the glaring sun-



"CLUTCHING HIS TREASURE TO HIS BREAST, HE RAN FROM THE HAUNTED PLACE." (SEE PAGE 222.)

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light, staring speechless, but open-mouthed, for there in his hand, like a circlet carved from the sky, lay the Great Magic Turquoise Ring!

Honani could not understand. This was no dream. The old-time tradition of the wonderful magic ring was true. So Masi was vindicated, and -how cunningly had the old people hidden it, wrapping it in greased deerskin, then placing it in the pool where they knew this particular water would soon cover it with a coating of lime crystals; and the process had continued until it had become like a stony mass completely inclosing the deerskin. Then, through some calamity to the people, the secret was lost to all but a few. Masi had tried, no doubt, to get it; but, with less luck than Honani, had not been attracted by what was to all appearance only a lump of rock. Now he, Honani the Ho'-pi, had it, and he would -

He looked over his shoulder—there in the heat and light glared the dead city, the eyelike windows and doors still gazing at him darkly. Clutching his treasure to his breast, he ran from the haunted place, and did not stop until far on his way to the north. Of his journey back to Tusayan, how he advanced with the rains, how game came to his bow and throwing-stick, of his bathing in a spring in which he could not sink, how he crossed the swollen "Red Water," Pa-la/-bai-ya, and gained his mesa home, is a long story, and Honani

said few words. It is told, however, that the harvest that year was plenty through the rains which came with Honani, and that in the games and contests which followed he defeated all comers, even grown men skilled in bow-shooting, running, and jumping.

Ne-vat'-i, the boaster, suffered such an ignominious defeat in two trials that he was dressed like a girl until he could by some new exploit

redeem himself.

Then, afterward, when the land was rich in cattle and crops, a fair prize, the fierce Pah-ute came down from the north, like Tv-ho'-a, the lion, to ravage and kill; and all the fighting men went out against them. Honani led the young men, and stood side by side with the old warcaptain. Then when the Pah-ute were driven to bay, and all killed but two, whom Honani had saved, he sent them back to their own country to tell his message: how he had "eaten up" all their fighting men, and would do the like to any others coming in war against the Ho-pi'-tuh — "the peaceful people."

These things are to be heard if one or two of the oldest grandfathers, once the companions of Honani, can be made to talk to those who, having had their "heads washed," and being their brothers, can be trusted. But the grandfathers are old and wise, and words are like wild birds, which fly beyond your reach, and breed many more.

* That is, who have received tribal baptism.

A GOOD METHOD.

By Anna M. Pratt.

THERE was a little schoolma'am
Who had this curious way
Of drilling in subtraction
On every stormy day.

"Let's all subtract unpleasant things Like doleful dumps and pain, And then," said she, "you'll gladly see That pleasant things remain."



ELSIE: "Oh, it's so hard to leave the party, Victorine!"
VICTORINE: "Oui, mademoiselle — mais pense donc comme c'était beau à arriver!"



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SON. FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH, OWNER OF THE PICTURE.

BETTY LEICESTER'S ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

[Begun in the December number.]



ETTY and her father had taken a long journey from London. They had been nearly all day in the train, after a breakfast by candlelight; and it wasquite dark, except for the

light of the full moon in a misty sky, as they drove up the long avenue at Danesly. Pagot was in great spirits; she was to go everywhere with Betty now, being used to the care of young ladies, and more being expected of this young lady than in the past. Pagot had been at Danesly before with the Duncans, and had many friends in the household.

Mr. Leicester was walking across the fields by a path he well knew from the little station, with a friend and fellow guest whom they had met at Durham. This path was much shorter than the road, so that papa was sure of reaching the house first; but Betty felt a little lonely, being tired and shy of meeting a great, bright houseful of people quite by herself, in case papa should loiter. But suddenly the carriage stopped, and the footman jumped down and opened the door. "My lady is walking down to meet you, miss," he said; "she 's just ahead of us, coming down the avenue." And Betty flew like a pigeon to meet her dear friend. The carriage drove on and left them together under the great trees, walking along together over the beautiful tracery of shadows. Suddenly Lady Mary felt the warmth of Betty's two arms round Betty, and hugged her to her

"My dear little girl!" she said for the second time; and then they walked on, and still Betty could not say anything for sheer joy. "Now I 'm going to tell you something quite in confidence," said the hostess of the great house, which showed its dim towers and scattered lights beyond the leafless trees, "I had been wishing to have you come to me, but I should not have thought this the best time for a visit; later on, when the days will be longer, I shall be able to have much more time to myself. But an American friend of mine, Mr. Banfield, who is a friend of your papa's, I believe, wrote to ask if he might bring his young daughter, whom he had taken from school in New York. for a holiday. It seemed a difficult problem for the first moment," and Lady Mary gave a funny little laugh. "I did not know quite what to do with her just now, as I should with a grown person. And then I remembered that I might ask you to help me, Betty dear. You know that the Duncans always go for a Christmas visit to their cousins in Devon."

"I was so glad to come," said Betty warmly; "it was nicer than anything else."

"I am a little afraid of young American girls, you understand," said Lady Mary gaily; and then, taking a solemn tone: "Yes, you need n't laugh, Miss Betty! But you know all about what they like, don't you? and so I am sure we can make a bit of pleasure together, and we 'll be fellow-hostesses, won't we? We must find some time every day for a little talking over of things quite by ourselves. I 've put you next your father's rooms, and tomorrow Miss Banfield will be near by, and you're to dine in my little morning-room tolove for her and her speechless happiness as night. I 'm so glad good old Pagot is with she had not felt it before, and she stopped, you; she knows the house perfectly well. I looking so tall and charming, and put her hope you will soon feel at home. Why, this is

Vol. XXIII .- 29.

almost like having a girl of my very own," said Lady Mary, wistfully, as they began to go up the great steps and into the hall, where the butler and other splendid personages of the household stood waiting. Lady Mary was a tall, slender figure in black, with a beautiful head; and she carried herself with great spirit and grace. She had wrapped some black lace about her head and shoulders, and held it gathered with one hand at her throat.

"I must fly to the drawing-room now, and then go to dress for dinner; so good night, darling," said this dear lady, whom Betty had always longed to be nearer to and to know better. "To-morrow you must tell me all about your summer in New England," she said, looking over her shoulder as she went one way and Betty another, with Pagot and a footman who carried the small luggage from the carriage. How good and sweet she had been to come to meet a young stranger who might feel lonely, and as if there were no place for her in the great strange house in the first minute of her arrival. And Betty Leicester quite longed to see Miss Banfield and to help her to a thousand pleasures at once for Lady Mary's sake.

Somebody has said that there are only a very few kinds of people in the world, but that they are put into all sorts of places and conditions. The minute Betty Leicester looked at Edith Banfield next day she saw that she was a little like Mary Beck, her own friend and Tideshead neighbor. The first thought was one of pleasure, and the second was a fear that the new Becky would not have a good time at Danesly. It was the next morning after Betty's own arrival. That first evening she had her dinner alone, and then was reading and resting after her journey in Lady Mary's own little sitting-room, which was next her own room. When Pagot came up from her own hasty supper and "crack" with her friends to look after Betty, and to unpack, she had great tales to tell of the large and noble company assembled at Danesly House. "They 're dining in the great banquet hall itself," she said with pride. "Lady Mary looks a queen at the head of the table, with the French prince beside her and the great Earl of Seacliff at the other side,"

said Pagot, proudly. "I took a look from the old musicians' gallery, miss, as I came along, and it was a fine sight, indeed. Lady Mary's own maid, as I have known well these many years, was telling me the names of the strangers." Pagot was very proud of her own knowledge of fine people.

Betty asked if it was far to the gallery; and, finding that it was quite near the part of the house where they were, she went out with Pagot along the corridors with their long rows of doors, and into the musicians' gallery, where they found themselves at a delightful point of view. Danesly Castle had been built at different times; the banquet-hall itself was very old and stately, with a high, arched roof. There were beautiful old hangings and banners where the walls and roof met, and lower down were spread great tapestries. There was a huge fire blazing in the deep fire-place at the end, and screens before it; the long table twinkled with candle-light, and the gay company sat about it. Betty looked first for papa, and saw him sitting beside Lady Dimdale, who was a great friend of his; then she looked for Lady Mary, who was at the end between the two gentlemen of whom Pagot had spoken. She was still dressed in black lace, but with many diamonds sparkling at her throat, and she looked as sweet and spirited and self-possessed as if there were no great entertainment at all. The men-servants in their handsome livery moved quickly to and fro, as if they were actors in a play. The people at the table were talking and laughing, and the whole scene was so pleasant, so gay and friendly, that Betty wished, for almost the first time, that she were grown up and dining late, to hear all the delightful talk. She and Pagot were like swallows high under the eaves of the great room. Papa looked really boyish, so many of the men were older than he. There were twenty at table; and Pagot said, as Betty counted, that many others were expected the next day. You could imagine the great festivals of an older time as you looked down from the gallery. In the gallery itself there were quaint little heavy wooden stools for the musicians: the harpers and fiddlers and pipers who had played for so many generations of gay dancers, for whom

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the same lights had flickered, and over whose heads the old hangings had waved. You felt as if you were looking down at the past. Betty and Pagot closed the narrow door of the gallery softly behind them, and our friend went back to her own bedroom, where there was a nice fire, and nearly fell asleep before it, while Pagot was getting the last things unpacked and ready for the night.

The next day at about nine o'clock Lady Mary came through her morning-room and tapped at the door. Betty was just ready and very glad to say good morning. The sun was shining, and she had been leaning out upon the great stone window-sill looking down the long slopes of the country into the wintry mists. Lady Mary looked out too, and took a long breath of the fresh, keen air. "It's a good day for hunting," she said, "and for walking. I 'm going down to breakfast, because I planned for an idle day. I thought we might go down together if you were ready."

Betty's heart was filled with gratitude; it was so very kind of her hostess to remember that it would be difficult for the only girl in the great house-party to come to breakfast for the first time. They went along the corridor and down the great staircase, past the portraits and the marble busts and figures on the landings. There were two or three ladies in the great hall at the foot, with an air of being very early, and some gentlemen who were going fox-hunting; and after Betty had spoken with Lady Dimdale, whom she knew, they sauntered into the breakfast-room, where they found some other people; and papa and Betty had a word together and then sat down side by side to their mustins and their eggs and toast and marmalade. It was not a bit like a Tideshead company breakfast. Everybody jumped up if he wished for a plate, or for more jam, or a cut of cold game, which was on the sideboard with many other things. The company of servants had disappeared, and it was all as unceremonious as if the breakfasters were lunching out of doors. There was not a great tableful like that of the night before; many of the guests were taking their tea and coffee in their own rooms.

By the time breakfast was done, Betty had

begun to forget herself as if she were quite at home. She stole an affectionate glance now and then at Lady Mary, and had fine bits of talk with her father, who had spent a charming evening and now told Betty something about it, and how glad he was to have her see their fellow-guests. When he went hurrying away to join the hunt, Betty was sure that she knew what to do with herself. It would take her a long time to see the huge old house and the picture-gallery, where there were some very famous paintings, and the library, about which papa was always so enthusiastic. Lady Mary was to her more interesting than anybody else, and she wished especially to do something for Lady Mary. Aunt Barbara had helped her niece very much one day in Tideshead when she talked about her own experience in making visits and going much into company. "The best thing you can do," she said, "is to do everything you can to help your hostess. Don't wait to see what is going to be done for you, but try to help entertain your fellow-guests and to make the occasion pleasant, and you will be sure to enjoy yourself and to find your hostess wishing you to come again. Always do the things that will help your hostess." Our friend thought of this sage advice now, but it was at a moment when every one else was busy talking, and they were all going on to the great library except two or three late breakfasters who were still at the table. Aunt Barbara had also said that when there was nothing else to do, your plain duty was to entertain yourself; and, having a natural gift for this, Betty wandered off into a corner and found a new "Punch" and some of the American magazines on a little table close by the window-seat. After a while she happened to hear some one ask: "What time is Mr. Banfield coming?"

"By the eleven o'clock train," said Lady Mary. "I am just watching for the carriage that is to fetch him. Look; you can see it first between the two oaks there to the left. It is an awkward time to get to a strange house, poor man; but they were in the South and took a night train that is very slow. Mr. Banfield's daughter is with him, and my dear friend Betty, who knows what American girls best like, is kindly going to help me entertain her."

up and smiling as if she had been wondering just what Betty was for, all alone in the grownup house-party. "Really, that 's very nice. But I might have seen that you are Mr. Leicester's daughter. It was very stupid of me, my dear; you 're quite like him - oh, quite!"

"I have seen you with the Duncans, have I not?" asked some one else, with great interest. "Why, fancy!" said this friendly person, who was named the Honorable Miss Northumberland, a small, eager little lady in spite of her solemn great name,-" fancy! you must be an American too. I should have thought you quite an English girl.'

"Oh, no, indeed," said Betty. "Indeed, I 'm quite American, except for living in England a very great deal." She was ready to go on and say much more, but she had been taught to say as little about herself as she possibly could, since general society cares little for knowledge that is given it too easily, especially about strangers and one's self!

"There 's the carriage now," said Lady Mary, as she went away to welcome the guests. " Poor souls! they will like to get to their rooms as soon as possible," she said hospitably; but although the elder ladies did not stir, Betty deeply considered the situation. and then, with a happy impulse, hurried after her hostess. It was a long way about, through two or three rooms and the great hall to the entrance; but Betty overtook Lady Mary just as she reached the great

door, going forward in the most hospitable, did not seem to have seen Betty at all.

"Oh, really!" said one of the ladies, looking slowly, came his daughter, whom he seemed quite to forget.

> A footman was trying to take her wraps and traveling-bag, but she clung fast to them, and looked up apprehensively toward Lady Mary.



"THEY WENT ALONG THE CORRIDOR PAST THE PORTRAITS AND THE MARBLE BUSTS."

Betty was very sympathetic, and was sure charming way to meet the new-comers. She that it was a trying moment, and she ran down to meet Miss Banfield, and happened to be so The famous lawyer and wit Mr. Banfield, fortunate as to catch her just as she was tripcame quickly up the steps, and after him, more ping over her dress upon the high stone step.

Mr. Banfield himself was well known in London, and was a great favorite in society; but at first sight his daughter's manners struck one as being less interesting. She was a pretty girl, but she wore a pretentious look which was further borne out by very noticeable clothes — not at all the right things to travel in at that hour; but, as has long ago been said, Betty saw at once the likeness to her Tideshead friend and comrade, Mary Beck, and opened her heart to take the stranger in. It was impossible not to be reminded of the day when Mary Beck came to call in Tideshead, with her best hat and bird-of-paradise feather, and they both felt so awkward and miserable.

"Did you have a very tiresome journey?"
Betty was asking as they reached the top of the steps at last; but Edith Banfield's reply was indistinct, and the next moment Lady Mary turned to greet her young guest cordially. Betty felt that she was a little dismayed, and was all the more eager to have the young compatriot's way made easy.

"Did you have a tiresome journey?" asked Lady Mary, in her turn; but the reply was quite audible now.

"Oh, yes," said Edith. "It was awfully cold—oh, awfully!—and so smoky and horrid and dirty! I thought we never should get here, with changing cars in horrid stations, and everything," she said, telling all about it.

"Oh, that was too bad," said Betty, rushing to the rescue, while Lady Mary walked on with Mr. Banfield. Edith Banfield talked on in an excited, persistent way to Betty, after having finally yielded up her bag to the footman, and looking after him somewhat anxiously. "It's a splendid big house, is n't it?" she whispered; "but awfully old-fashioned. I suppose there 's a new part where they live, is n't there? Have you been here before? Are you English?"

"I'm Betty Leicester," said Betty, in an undertone. "No, I have n't been here before; but I have known Lady Mary for a long time in London. I'm an American, too."

"You are n't, really!" exclaimed Edith.
"Why, you must have been over here a good
many times, or something—" She cast a
glance at Betty's plain woolen gear, and recog-

nized the general comfortable appearance of the English school-girl. Edith herself was very fine in silk attire, with much fur trimming and a most expensive hat. "Well, I 'm awfully glad you 're here," she said, with a satisfied sigh; "you know all about it better than I do, and can tell me what to put on."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Betty, cheerfully; "and there are lots of nice things to do. We can see the people, and then there are all the pictures and the great conservatories, and the stables and dogs and everything. I 've been waiting to see them with you; and we can ride every day, if you like; and papa says it 's a perfectly delightful country for walking."

"I hate to walk," said Edith, frankly.

"Oh, what a pity," lamented Betty, a good deal dashed. She was striving against a very present disappointment, but still the fact could not be overlooked that Edith Banfield looked like Mary Beck. Now, Mary also was apt to distrust all strangers and to take suspicious views of life, and she had little enthusiasm; but Betty knew and loved her loyalty and really good heart. She felt sometimes as if she tried to walk in tight shoes when "Becky's" opinions had to be considered, but Becky's world had grown wider month by month, and she loved her very much. Edith Banfield was very pretty; that was a comfort, and though Betty might never like her as she did Mary Beck, she meant more than ever to help her to have a good time.

Lady Mary appeared again, having given Mr. Banfield into the young footman's charge. She looked at Sister Betty for an instant with an affectionate, amused little smile, and laid one hand on her shoulder as she talked for a minute pleasantly with the new guest.

A maid appeared to take Edith to her room, and Lady Mary patted Betty's shoulder as they parted. They did not happen to have time for a word together again all day.

By luncheon-time the two girls were very good friends, and Betty knew all about the new-comer; and in spite of a succession of minor disappointments, the acquaintance promised to be very pleasant. Poor Edith Banfield, like poor Betty, had no mother, and Edith had spent several years already at a large boarding-

school. She was taking this journey by way of vacation, and was going back after the Christmas holidays. She was a New-Yorker. and she hated the country, and loved to stay in foreign hotels. This was the first time she had ever paid a visit in England, except to some American friends who had a villa on the Thames, which Edith had found quite dull. She had not been taught either to admire or to enjoy very much, which seemed to make her schooling count for but little so far: but she adored her father and his brilliant wit in a most lovely way, and with this affection and pride Betty could warmly sympathize. Edith longed to please her father in every possible manner, and secretly confessed that she did not always succeed, in a way that touched Betty's heart. It was hard to know exactly how to please the busy man: he was apt to show very mild interest in the new clothes which at present were her chief joy: perhaps she was always making the mistake of not so much trying to please him as to make him pleased with herself, which is quite a different thing.

There was an anxious moment on Betty's part when Edith Banfield summoned her to decide upon what dress should be worn for the evening. Pagot, whom Betty had asked to go and help her new friend, was looking a little disapprovingly, and two or three fine French dresses were spread out for inspection.

"Why, are n't you going to dress?" asked Edith. "I was afraid you were all ready to go down, but I could n't think what to put on."

"I'm all dressed," said Betty, with surprise. "Oh, what lovely gowns! But we" — she suddenly foresaw a great disappointment — "we need n't go down yet, you know, Edith; we are not out, and dinner is n't like luncheon here in England. We can go down afterward, if we like, and hear the songs, but we never go to dinner when it 's a great dinner like this. I think it is much better fun to stay away; at least, I always have thought so until last night, and then it did really look very pleasant," she frankly added. "Why, I'm not sixteen, and you 're only a little past, you know." But there lay a grown-up young lady's evening gowns as if to confute all Betty's arguments.

"How awfully stupid!" said Edith, with

great scorn. "Nursery tea for anybody like us!" and she turned to look at Betty's dress, which was charming enough in its way, and made in very pretty girlish fashion. "I should think they'd make you wear a white pinafore," said Edith, ungraciously; but Betty, who had been getting a little angry, thought this so funny that she laughed and felt much better.

"I wear muslins for very best," she said serenely. "Why, of course we'll go down after dinner and stay a while before we say goodnight; they'll be out before half-past nine,—I mean the ladies,—and we'll be there in the drawing-room. Oh, is n't that blue gown a beauty! I wish I had put on my best muslin, Pagot."

"You look very suitable, Miss Betty," said Pagot, stiffly. Pagot was very old-fashioned, and Edith made a funny little face at Betty behind her back.

The two girls had a delightful dinner together in the morning-room next Betty's own. and Edith's good humor was quite restored. She had had a good day, on the whole, and the picture-galleries and conservatories had not failed to please by their splendors and delights. After they had finished their dessert. Betty, as a great surprise, offered the hospitalities of the musicians' gallery, and they sped along the corridors and up the stairs in great spirits, Betty leading the way. "Now, don't upset the little benches," she whispered, as she opened the narrow door out of the dark passage, and presently their two heads were over the edge of the gallery. They leaned boldly out, for nobody would think of looking up.

The great hall was even gayer and brighter than it had looked the night before. The lights and colors shone, there were new people at table, and much talk was going on. The butler and his men were more military than ever; it was altogether a famous, much-diamonded dinner company, and Lady Mary looked quite magnificent at the head.

"It looks pretty," whispered Edith; "but how dull it sounds! I don't believe that they are having a bit of a good time. At home, you know, there 's such a noise at a party. What a splendid big room!"

"People never talk loud when they get to-

gether in England," said Betty. "They never make that awful chatter that we do at home. Just four or five people who come to tea in Tideshead can make one another's ears ache. I could n't get used to it last summer; Aunt Barbara was almost the only tea-party person in Tideshead who did n't get screaming."

"Oh, I do think it 's splendid!" said Edith, wistfully. "I wish we were down there. I wish there was a little gallery lower down. There 's Lord Dunwater, who sat next me at luncheon. Who 's that next your father?"

There was a little noise behind the eager girls, and they turned quickly. A tall boy had joined them, who seemed much disturbed at finding any one in the gallery, which seldom had a visitor. Edith stood up, and seemed an alarmingly tall and elegant young lady in the dim light. Betty, who was as tall, was nothing like so imposing to behold at that moment; but the new-comer turned to make his escape.

"Don't go away," Betty begged, seeing his alarm, and wondering who he could be. "There's plenty of room to look. Don't go." And thereupon the stranger came forward.

He was a handsome fellow, dressed in Eton clothes. He was much confused, and said nothing; and, after a look at the company below, during which the situation became more embarrassing to all three, he was going away.

"Are you staying in the house, too?" asked Betty, timidly; it was so very awkward.

"I just came," said the boy, who now appeared to be a very nice fellow indeed. They had left the musicians' gallery,—nobody knew why,—and now stood outside in the corridor. "I just came," he repeated. "I walked over from the station across the fields. I 'm Lady Mary's nephew, you know. She 's not expecting me. I had my supper in the housekeeper's room. I was going on a week's tramp in France with my old tutor, just to get rid of Christmas parties and things; but he strained a knee at foot-ball, and we had to give it up, and so I came here for the holidays. There was nothing else to do," he explained ruefully. "What a lot of people my aunt 's got this year!"

"It 's very nice," said Betty, cordially.

"It 's beastly slow, I think," said the boy.
"I like it much better when my aunt and I

have the place to ourselves. Oh, no; that 's not what I mean!" he said, blushing crimson as both the girls laughed. "Only we have jolly good times by ourselves, you know; no end of walks and rides; and we fish if the water 's right. You ought to see my aunt cast a fly."

"She 's perfectly lovely, is n't she?" said Betty, in a tone which made them firm friends at once. "We 're going down to the drawing-room soon; would n't you like to come?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly. "It 'll be fun to surprise her. And I saw Lady Dimdale at dinner. I like Lady Dimdale awfully."

"So does papa," said Betty; "oh, so very much!—next to Lady Mary and Mrs. Duncan."

"You're Betty Leicester, are n't you? Oh, I know you now," said the boy, turning toward her with real friendliness. "I danced with you at the Duncans', at a party, just before I first went to Eton,—oh, ever so long ago!—you won't remember it; and I've seen you once besides, at their place in Warwickshire, you know. I'm Warford, you know."

"Why, of course," said Betty, with great pleasure. "It puzzled me; I could n't think at first, but you 've quite grown up since then. How we used to dance when we were little things! Do you like it now?"

"No, I hate it," said Warford, coldly, and they all three laughed. Edith was walking alongside, feeling much left out of the conversation, though Warford had been stealing glances at her.

"Oh, I am so sorry — I did n't think," Betty exclaimed in her politest manner. "Miss Edith Banfield, this is Lord Warford. I did n't mean to be rude, but you were a great surprise, were n't you, Warford?" and they all laughed again, as young people will. Just then they reached the door of Lady Mary's morningroom; the girls' dessert was still on the table, and, being properly invited, Warford began to eat the rest of the fruit. "One never gets quite enough grapes," said Warford, who was evidently suffering the constant hunger of a rapidly growing person.

Edith Banfield certainly looked very pretty, both her companions thought so; but they felt much more at home with each other. It seemed as if she were a great deal older than they, in her fine evening dress. At last they all started down the great staircase, and had just settled themselves in the drawing-room

when the ladies began to come in.

"Why, Warford, my dear!" said Lady Mary, with great delight, as he met her and kissed her twice, as if they were quite by themselves; then he turned and spoke to Lady Dimdale, who was just behind, still keeping Lady Mary's left hand in his own. Warford looked taller and more manly than ever in the bright light, and he was recognized warmly by nearly all the ladies, being not only a fine fellow, but the heir of Danesly and great possessions besides, so that he stood for much that was interesting, even if he had not been interesting himself. Betty and Edith looked on with pleasure, and presently Lady Mary came toward them.

"I am so glad that you came down," she said; "and how nice of you to bring Warford! He usually objects so much that I believe you have found some new way to make it easy. I suppose it is dull when he is by himself. Mr. Frame is here, and has promised to sing by and by. He and Lady Dimdale have practised a duet; their voices are charming together. I hope that you will not go up until afterward."

Betty, who had been sitting when Lady Mary came toward her, had risen at once to

Banfield still sat in her low chair, feeling stiff and uncomfortable, while Lady Mary did not find it easy to talk down at her or to think of anything to say. All at once it came to Edith's mind to follow Betty's example, and they all three stood together talking cheerfully until Lady Mary had to go to her other guests.

"Is n't she lovely!" said Edith, with all the ardor that Betty could wish. "I don't feel a bit afraid of her, as I thought I should."

"She takes such dear trouble," said Betty. herself. "She never forgets anybody. Some grown persons behave as if you ought to be ashamed of not being older, and as if you were going to bore them if they did n't look out." At this moment Warford came back most lovally from the other side of the room, and presently some gentlemen made their appearance. and the delightful singing began. Betty, who loved music, sat and listened like a quiet young robin in her red dress, and her father, who looked at her happy, dreaming face, was sure that there never had been a dearer girl in the world. Lady Mary looked at her too, and was really full of wonder, because in some way Betty had managed with simple friendliness to make her shy nephew quite forget himself, and to give some feeling of belongingness to Edith Banfield, who would have felt astray by herself meet her, without thinking about it; but Edith in a strange English house.

(To be concluded.)

NURSERY SONG.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS.

OH, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout, Are two little goblins black! Full oft from my house I 've driven them out,

But somehow they still come back. . They clamber up to the Baby's mouth,

And pull the corners down; They perch aloft on the Baby's brow, And twist it into a frown.

And one says "Shall!" and t'other says "Sha'n't!" And one says "Must!" and t' other says " Can't!"

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout, I pray you now, from my house keep out!

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh Are two little fairies light: They 're always ready for fun and chaff, And sunshine is their delight. And when they creep into Baby's eyes, Why, there the sunbeams are:

And when they peep through her rosy lips, Her laughter rings near and far.

And one says "Please!" and t' other says " Do!"

And both together say "I love you!" So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile, Come in, my dears, and tarry a while! m

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THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(A Story of the Year 30 A. D.)

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER V.

WINE FOR THE FEAST.

THERE were half a dozen men in the foremost group of the new-comers, and others were not far behind them. All were in their best array, in honor of the wedding. They were strongly made, brawny, resolute-looking men, of the somewhat peculiar Galilean type, with faces bronzed by the sun and hands hardened by toil. There was no need for Lois to point out to Cyril the one of whom she had been speaking.

Somewhat in advance of the rest walked one who was speaking to a vigorous, fiery-eyed man, who strode along at his side. Could this really be the heir of David and of Solomon, this simply dressed and quiet Galilean?

Whether or not Cyril had begun to form expectations of a different kind, this was the man of whom Nathanael had spoken to Ben Nassur. He wore no crown, no sword, no jewels; and Cyril had not supposed that he would. But there was about him no sign of soldiership, or leadership, or of authority.

"He is no captain," thought Cyril, sadly; "he is no warrior: he seems no greater than other men!"

The boy had a sense of disappointment, so little cause for enthusiasm or hope did this man from Capernaum seem to bring with him. He should have been very different, if he were indeed to be a king.

Nevertheless, Cyril could not turn his eyes away, although they failed to keep an accurate picture which he could afterward remember. He was sure, indeed, that this man, while no ing better than others did or could, for she at

taller than others, was of at least full height, broad-shouldered, muscular, with the firm, easy step and movement which belong to men of perfect form and unimpaired strength. He was as erect as a pine, and his sashed tunic and flowing robe, not different from others around him, befitted him well. Cyril took note of even his hair and beard; but if the boy also tried to tell the color of the eyes, he could not do so, for his own sank before them, and he had a curious sensation of being looked through rather than looked at; and yet his heart beat high and fast for a moment.

"Lois," he whispered.

"Hush!" she answered softly. "Mary is about to speak to him."

The party from Capernaum had halted at the well, and Mary stood in front of her son, looking up at him with an expression that seemed to be partly doubt and partly expectation. Before a word was said by either of them, Lois whispered to Cyril:

"Look! just see how he loves her!"

"Hush! - listen," said Cyril - for at that moment the lips of Mary parted.

Her heart was full of the grave disaster which threatened the wedding-feast, and behind her stood Hannah, the bridegroom's mother and Mary's friend and kinswoman.

"They have no wine!" said Mary.

"Why does she tell him?" whispered Lois; and something of the same idea was expressed in the answer of Jesus. A different spirit, nevertheless, was manifest in the kindly manner and smile with which he replied. "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come."

Mary must have understood her son's mean-

VOL. XXIII. - 30.

once turned to those who stood by the well. Among them were servants of Ben Nassur, and she said to these:

"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

"Will he send them for wine?" thought Lois. "I heard Raphael say there was none to be had in Cana. He may send even to Nazareth." And Cyril exclaimed aloud: "I'll go with them,"

nearly empty, and it would require much drawing to fill them.

"This must be done before he sends for the wine," said Lois. "His mother knows he has some."

"Or she certainly would not have asked him to provide some for the feast," said Cyril, leaning over to lift his full bucket from the well.

> There was even some haste and a kind of excitement among those whose ready hands were drawing and pouring: and in a few minutes more the sunshine sparkled upon brimming fullness in the last of the six jars.

> "Now we are to go for the wine," said Cvril.

> "They can't drink water at a weddingfeast," thought Lois.

There was a startled look upon every face around her, as she glanced from one to another, for the next command was:

"Draw out, now, and bear to the governor of the feast."

Cyril could not account for the tremor he felt as he dipped a pitcher into a waterpot, filled it, and lifted it, and stepped away toward the house.

"Water, for the gov-

But at that moment the man Cyril felt so ernor of the feast?" he thought. "Water, to the rabbi, because there is no wine?"

Still, he could hardly help looking into the There had been many ceremonial washings pitcher in his hands. Just behind him was Lois. Suddenly she heard her brother ex-



"LOIS, MY PITCHER IS FULL OF WINE!""

ready to obey pointed to the great jars by the Ben Nassur himself? Does he mean to mock well and said:

"Fill the water-pots with water."

that day, as the guests of the wedding came and went, for not one had gone in without pausing claim: "It is wine! Lois, my pitcher is full by the well. The water-pots were therefore of wine! Let me see yours."

placed side by side.

"Oh, Cyril!" said Lois, "it is wine! Was that what Jesus meant?"

"It must be," said Cyril, in a low voice. Then, after a pause, "We must carry it in. Come!"

Behind them followed the line of servants. In a moment more the two tall, slender pitchers were deposited before Isaac Ben Nassur, at the head of the table. It was his duty, as ruler of the feast, to critically taste each new supply of refreshments provided, and now he quickly filled a drinking-vessel, for a hint of the threatened scarcity had reached him.

Cyril and Lois, and behind them the servants of the house, with Mary and Hannah and several others, gazed expectantly upon the face of the rabbi, waiting for his opinion. A little distance from him, at his right, pale and red by turns with anxiety, stood his son, the bridegroom. To him Ben Nassur turned, well pleased and radiant, but still somewhat judicial, as became the ruler of the feast, and remarked:

"Every man, at the beginning, doth set forth good wine, and when they have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

So it was said by all. It was as if it had been recently pressed from the best grapes of the vintage.

"Cyril!" exclaimed Lois, as they hurried out, so awed that they were almost frightened, "it was water, and it became wine!"

"What will the people say?" said Cyril. "I wish I dared to ask him if he is to be our king."

CHAPTER VI.

CAPERNAUM.



OW great was the wonder of the guests who drank the good wine at the marriage-feast when they learned that the pitchers must have been filled from the well in front of Ben Nassur's house.

The rabbi himself had not been among those who stood at the well. He had only

Down came her pitcher, and the two were seen the wine brought to him in pitchers. But Mary and Hannah, the men who came with Jesus, the house-servants, and a few others, well knew the water had been changed into wine.

> Cyril and Lois had no opportunity to discuss the matter until late that evening.

> A sleeping-place, even for Lois, had to be found at the house of a neighbor; and the best that could be done for Cyril was to give him the freedom of the flat roof of Isaac's own home.

> It was no hardship to sleep there, during a warm night. Cyril and his sister went up to the roof while yet the sounds of merriment, the music, and the singing, came up from the marriage-festival below.

> It was a beautiful night, and the roof was cool and quiet.

> Cyril came up first, and he stood at a corner leaning over the stone parapet, when Lois joined him.

> "I cannot be mistaken," said Cyril, as if thinking aloud. "I poured the water into that jar, and I saw it was wine when I took it out in my pitcher, and carried it into the house to Ben Nassur. All the servants saw that there was water in the pitchers first, and afterward there was wine."

> "It is true. So it was in mine," said Lois, who had come to his side. "They all go to Capernaum to-morrow. Iesus of Nazareth means to live there. His mother will, too, for a while. Then she returns to her own house, at Nazareth. I wish I could live with her."

> "I would like to know what sort of work I can find to do while I am there," exclaimed

> "I know what I am going to do, I think," said Lois. "There is a woman named Abigail the tallith-maker, who lives there. Some of the women at the wedding told me she wants a girl who knows something of the trade to work for her. I learned needle-work while I was staying in Samaria."

> "Thou didst very good work," said Cyril. "There is more to do in Capernaum than there is here. I'll find some work."

> "Most of the people are fishing-folk," said Lois. "The lake is full of fish."

"Sometimes little is taken, they say," replied Cyril, "But I must try it. I long to see Jesus of Nazareth, and he will be there. What did he mean by the words he said to his mother—'Mine hour is not yet come'?"

"I do not know; I did not understand them. I mean to be with her, part of the time, while she remains there," replied Lois. "I go to Capernaum, to-morrow, with her and her friends."

"I am glad," said Cyril, "I will go, too. Jesus is to stay in Cana, for a day or two, but I'll come."

Lois bade her brother good-night, and Cyril was alone upon the roof.

"I wish father could see this man, Jesus of Nazareth," the boy said to himself. "Father is an experienced old soldier, and has been a captain. He would know what the people might expect of him."

Ezra the Swordmaker had studied carefully, and had talked with his son about the ways and means for collecting, equipping, and arming a force of patriotic Jews such as might, at some future day, drive out the Romans and destroy the power of Herod.

At last Cyril went to sleep, but when he awoke, in the morning, his head was still full of the arrangements for his proposed journey from Cana to Capernaum.

Lois also was making ready, and both Rabbi Isaac and his wife were entirely satisfied with the plans of their young relatives. There would be more room in the somewhat overcrowded house in Cana. As for the transfer of Mary's residence from Nazareth to Capernaum, for a season, such temporary removals were not at all uncommon among the Jewish people.

Only two days later, and while yet the wedding festivities continued in the house of Isaac, Cyril and Lois reached Capernaum. Their little baggage was carried by one donkey, while Lois rode another, and the hire of these animals made the first large draft upon the money Cyril had received from his father.

The direct distance from Cana was only about twelve miles, but the road so wound among hills as to make it longer. Both brother and sister felt they had never before seen so beautiful a country, and when at last they came out in sight of Chinnereth, or the Sea of Galilee, they understood why the rabbis declared: "God made seven seas in the land of Canaan, but chose for himself only one—the Sea of Galilee."

The lake itself was beautiful, and the shores were lined with cities, larger or smaller, or with palaces whose grounds and gardens came down to the water's edge. Capernaum was a well-built and prosperous place at some distance from the shore, but there were no buildings along the beach near it; only boat-wharves, here and there, little more than mere landing-places in the little bays which indented the long, curving shore-line.

The region was a kind of fisherman's paradise; and around it was also a rich farming country, with a climate so mild that even figs and grapes ripened during ten months of the year, and the fruits of temperate and tropical regions grew luxuriantly, side by side. The population was dense, and it was a continual marvel that the lake was not fished out, so numerous were the fishermen and so heavy were the catches. All the country around furnished them a market, and Cyril was assured that he would find enough to do, but that his wages would barely support him; so that he was glad when Lois was kindly welcomed by Abigail the tallith-maker. This woman made other garments worn by the people among whom she lived, and it was of importance to her that the brother of her new assistant was a youth whose training under so good a smith as Ezra enabled him to mend her needles of all sizes. No doubt even the very smallest of them would seem both coarse and clumsy to the eyes of a modern

Cyril, from the hour of his coming, was full of the idea which had brought him to Capernaum; and it may have been his eagerness to see and hear Jesus of Nazareth which brought him into acquaintance with Simon and Andrew, and several other men. Soon after his arrival he told Lois:

"The people around the lake know more about Jesus than is known at Nazareth. He teaches and preaches here and all come to hear him. They believe about the turning of as

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those who saw the water drawn and carried heard him teach. into the house."

water into wine more readily than some of would think of them whenever she saw Jesus or

Cyril had thoughts and dreams of his own Lois could hardly have told how happy she very different from hers, for his spirit was bewas. She was not conscious that she had ever coming more and more warlike. He saw that been at all afraid of so wise and learned a man Iesus had been making himself well known in



CYRIL AND LOIS ON THEIR WAY TO CAPERNAUM.

stable, in Bethlehem of Ludea.

as Rabbi Ben Nassur, but she felt more at ease many places, and would soon be widely talked now she was not near him. Besides, during of. It was the right thing to do, if he was ever several weeks she was often with Mary and to raise an army among the Galileans. So her son. She sat at her work in the quiet Cyril considered it his own duty to seize upon house dreaming over the stories that were told every opportunity for studying, as his father her of the carpenter's son. Some of them went had bidden him, the fortifications of the towns back to the very cradle of Jesus, and this, as and cities near the lake, and for witnessing mil-Lois now knew, had been a manger in a cattle- itary parades and marches, and for examining weapons of all sorts and whatever else could be None of these stories had been written down, made use of in war -- in the war of Jews against but Lois learned them all by heart, and she Romans, in which he hoped to be a soldier.

(To be continued.)

POSTAL-CARD RACE AROUND THE WORLD, AND ITS REMARKABLE ENDING.

By Christopher Valentine.

Some years ago, Mr. Norman F. Chase, formerly postmaster at Montrose, New York, despatched two postal cards on a race around the world, one eastward and the other westward.

The first, mailed to San Francisco, California, thence embarked for Yokohama, Japan, crossed to Hong Kong, China, and then, by Bombay and the Suez Canal, proceeded to Paris and London, where it took steamer for New York.

The other, going directly to London, Paris, and, by the Suez Canal, to Bombay, visited Hong Kong and Yokohama, was carried to San Francisco, and thence came overland to Montrose.

These long journeys were interesting, but a remarkable coincidence made the cards' race extraordinary.

Both were mailed October 4, 1880; both were received back on the same day - January 17, 1881. They each went around the world in exactly one hundred and five days.

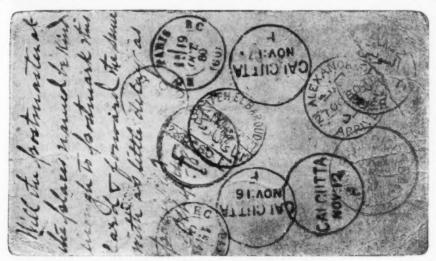
follows: Montrose, October 4; London, October 18; Paris, October 19; Alexandria, October 27; Suez, October 27, 28; Sea Post Office, October 28; Bombay, November 9; Calcutta, November 12; Hong Kong, December 8; Yokohama, December 15; San Francisco, January 9; Montrose, January 17. In a few cases double post-marks show times of arrival and departure. Thus the card was in Yokohama from the 15th to the 24th of December.

The westward card traveled on the following schedule: Montrose, October 4; San Francisco (illegible), probably October 11; Yokohama, November 10, 11; Hong Kong, November 18; Bombay, December 13; Suez, December 30; Sea Post Office, December 30; Alexandria, December 30; Paris, January 5; London, January 6; New York, January 15; Montrose, January 17.

Young students of geography and astronomy will find it an interesting problem to compare The postmarks upon the east-going read as the journeys of these two cards - remembering



THE CARD THAT WAS SENT WESTWARD.



that, as one went westward and the other eastgained a day in dating, and the other lost it. the same day was a truly remarkable result.

But no calculations are required to convince ward, and each card "crossed the line" one any reader that the return of the two cards on

TEDDY AND CARROTS:

TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By JAMES OTIS.

[Begun in the May number.]

XIII.

A MEDICAL FRIEND.

This unexpected addition to their family had a good effect on Carrots, because it made him more careful of his money, almost uncomfortably so, Teddy thought, when, having reached Mose Pearson's, the junior member of the firm questioned whether it would not be better to have no breakfast, in order to save time.

"You see now we 've got Ikey on hand we 'll have to be careful of the money; else we sha'n't get that stand very soon."

want to be so awful careful of your money, you might give up smoking cigarettes," Teddy replied.

"Oh, I swore off buyin' any, yesterday. I don't smoke now 'less some fellow gives me one. Of course, you can't reckon I 'd refuse it; but this soup will be ten cents gone, an' we 'd be jest as hungry by noon. Besides, we 've got to buy something for supper, 'cause we 're feedin' three now, you know."

"We'll get the breakfast, an' work enough harder to pay for it," Teddy replied, as he led the way into the restaurant; and again did Carrots's new ideas of economy appear, as he swallowed the soup almost at the risk of choking "We 're bound to eat, Carrots. If you himself, in order to save a few moments.

He was the first boy on the street prepared to black boots, that morning, and no fellow ever worked more industriously, until nearly twelve o'clock, when he approached his partner in a mysterious manner, beckoning him to follow where they could converse without fear of being overheard.

"Say, did you know lamb was awful good for sick people?" Carrots asked with an air of great importance.

"No; I did n't know that. Who told you?"

"When old Miss Carter was sick, she said a little bit of lamb would do her a power of good, an' the boys chipped in an' bought some."

"But it'll come pretty high now, Carrots. You see it's kinder out er season."

"Pretty high, eh? Well, what would you say if I got a bang-up good mess of lamb for five cents?"

"Why, I 'd say it either was n't lamb, or else the man what sold it did n't know what he was about."

"Well, it's lamb, an' I paid the reg'lar price for it, Teddy," Carrots said triumphantly, as he drew from his pocket a small package wrapped in brown paper, and, opening it, displayed to the astonished gaze of his companion two pickled lamb's tongues.

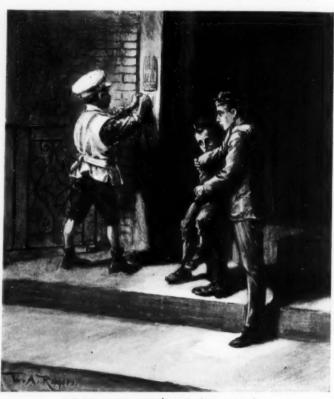
"There, what do you think of that? Talk 'bout lamb for sick folks! If it does any good I 'm goin' to have Ikey well as ever by tomorrow. I 'll make him eat all this before he goes to bed. You see it 's jest as cheap as anything we can get," he added. "He could n't stuff down more 'n six in a day to save his life, an' I reckon we can spend that much."

Teddy was not positive whether lamb was good for the invalid, neither did he think the tongue Carrots had purchased would be beneficial; but, as the latter had said, it would serve as food, and certainly was not a waste of money, and therefore he replied:

"I don't know as it 'll do him any good, old man, but it 'll keep him from bein' hungry, anyhow."

"Are you goin' down there this noon?"

"No; I would n't dare to in the daytime.



THE BOYS AT THE DOCTOR'S DOOR. (SEE PAGE 243.)

We shall have to wait till night. Have you seen anything of Skip?"

"Not a smitch. I reckon he got scared when he saw you talkin' to that policeman yesterday, an' I think he will give us a wide berth for a while."

"I don't think you 're right. He has n't stopped tryin' to drive us out er town jest 'cause

I told the officer; but is waitin' till he can catch us where we don't know anybody. Keep

your eye peeled for him."

"I 'll be careful enough, you can be sure of that," Carrots replied. "I never 'd gone to the market for this lamb, if it had n't been that a couple of fellows I know were goin' down, an' they would n't let Skip pitch inter me."

This day's business was not so large as the previous one, owing to the fact that both in the boot-blackening and news-selling departments of the concern there was active competition; but both considered they had earned very good wages, and were in the best of humor when they started home with a sufficient addition to their larder to provide a generous meal for all three.

"I 'll tell you what I 've been thinkin' of, Carrots," Teddy said as they walked slowly along. "Ikey is in a pretty bad way, an' it seems to me we ought ter do somethin' more 'n jest feed him up on lamb, if he ever expects to get out."

"Want to try the bread an' milk?"

"No, I don't know anything 'bout that business; but this is what I was kind er figgerin' on. It costs terrible to get a doctor, of course; but don't you s'pose we might make the same trade with one that we did with the lawyer? If we'd 'gree to give him a paper, an' black his boots, till the bill was paid, I don't reckon it would take long to fix Ikey in great shape."

"That's a good idee!" Carrots replied enthusiastically. "Why I'll bet you could get any quantity of 'em at that rate. Say, there 's one up on Rivington street. I used to black his boots last year, when I worked 'round that way; but have n't seen him since. He 's awful nice; ain't so very old either, an' a good many times give me something extra when I got through with my job."

"Suppose we go there to-night?"

"All right; I'm with you! We'll fill Ikey up with this lamb, get him to bed, an' then take a sneak. We can be back in half an hour. Say, how would it do to carry him along with us?"

"I would n't like to do that, 'cause you see p'rhaps the doctor might not be willin', an' we 'd have dragged the poor feller 'round for nothin'. Besides, if we should happen to meet Skip while he was along, it would be kind er hard lines to take care of a lame boy an' fight at the same time."

"I never thought of that. I reckon I 'd better let you 'tend to things anyhow. You seem to know more 'n I do."

The invalid welcomed them very cordially, as might have been expected from one who had been forced not only to remain inactive, but absolutely silent, during the many hours of their absence.

In reply to Carrots's questions, he represented himself as being comparatively comfortable, and stated that, although the time had seemed long, he was more than glad to be there, rather than on the streets enduring such suffering as must necessarily be his while moving around.

The first duty of the evening was to count the money, and it was learned that they had earned one dollar and twenty-six cents, exclusive of the amount spent for food procured on their way home.

"That makes us pretty nigh five dollars," Teddy said as he placed these profits with the others. "If nothin' happens it won't be so very long before we'll be in great shape for doin' business."

Again Carrots had visions of the green newsstand and brass-covered boot-blacking outfit, and from this revery he was awakened when Teddy prepared the evening meal by unwrapping the papers in which the food had been brought.

This reminded Carrots of the scheme formed for the benefit of the invalid, and he handed the sheep's tongues to Ikey, as he said:

"There, old man, I want you to fill yourself right up on that, 'cause Miss Carter said they was awful good for sick people, an' I 'low they 'll straighten you out in pretty nigh less 'n no time!"

Then Carrots explained what they intended to do in regard to securing a doctor, and Ikey's eyes glistened as he thought of getting relief from his sufferings, which must have been great, judging from the expression he constantly wore.

"I'm 'fraid you can't do much," he said with a sigh.

"It won't do any harm to try," Carrots re-

Vol. XXIII .- 31.

242

plied, as he began to satisfy his own hunger; and when the meal was brought to a close, owing to the fact that neither of the partners could eat any more, Teddy led the way to the street again, the invalid expressing his earnest hope that the doctor might accede to their wishes.

Fortunately for their purpose, upon arriving at the doctor's office, they found him at home and not busy.

Singular as it may seem, he did not recognize Carrots until he had been told of the previous business connection, and even then appeared almost indifferent in regard to seeing his friend again.

Teddy had supposed Master Carrots was to attend to this portion of the task, owing to his acquaintance with the physician; but instead of doing so, his young partner, after entering the office, stood first on one foot and then on the other, staring at the medical gentleman in a manner well calculated to make a nervous person uncomfortable.

"Well, what can I do for you?" the doctor asked.

Carrots looked around at Teddy as he said in a hoarse whisper:

"You tell him, old man. You can fix things up better 'n I can."

Master Thurston opened negotiations by proceeding at once to the heart of the matter.

"We want ter hire a doctor," he said. "You see, Ikey Cain's got a lame leg, an' we have n't done anything for it yet except to give him some lamb, which I don't 'low is goin' to make him better very soon. Now what we thought 'bout doin' was to get you to look out for him, an' let us pay in trade. I sell papers, an' Carrots blacks boots. If you 'll 'gree to fix Ikey up as he ought ter be, we 'll come here every mornin' till the bill 's paid."

"Where is the boy?" the doctor asked, looking amused rather than grave.

"Down where we live."

"Give me the address, and I will call there to-morrow morning."

"Oh, you must n't do that!" Carrots cried in alarm. "If you should go there in broad daylight and shin over that fence the folks in the shop would know jest where we live!" The doctor was at a loss to understand the meaning of this remark, and Teddy explained by saying:

"You see, we've got a couple of boxes down here back of a store, an'the folks who own 'em don't know anything 'bout our livin' there. We can't go in till after dark, when the shop 's shut up, an' have to come out in the mornin' before it 's open."

"I understand," the gentleman replied, with a smile. "Then it will be necessary to bring

the boy here."

"Could n't you fix him to-night?" Carrots asked.

"I fancy so, unless there should be a call from some patient."

"I s'pose we can get him over the fence; but it 'll hurt him a good bit," Teddy said, musingly.

"We can rig that all right," Carrots replied, carelessly. "If he 's goin' to have his leg done up, he 's got to come out, an' we can't help it if it does hurt him"; and then turning to the doctor, he asked eagerly, "Say, how much you goin' to charge for doin' that?"

"What should you think it would be worth, or, in other words, how many shines would you give me? We won't say anything about the newspapers, because I already have a young man who serves me with them."

"We'll try to come to your terms if we can," Carrots replied; "an' you're the one that ought ter set the figger."

"What should you think would be a good price, if you were going to pay the money?"

Carrots hesitated, looked around at Teddy, then again at the doctor, and finally said:

"I reckon I 'd be willin' to go as high as twenty-five cents if he was fixed up in good shape, 'cause I know he 'll pay it back jest as soon as he gets to work. Course he can't do anything now."

"Very well, bring your friend here whenever you please, and when I chance to be where you are working, I will call on you for one of the shines."

Then the gentleman took up the book he had been reading, as a sign that there was no need to prolong the interview, and the boys went at full speed after the invalid.

On being told that he would receive attention from a regular doctor, Ikey announced his willingness to climb over the fence a dozen times if it should be necessary, and without delay the journey was begun.

Fortunately the physician was still at home

when they returned.

He examined the injured member, took something from his pocket which the others could not see at first, and, before the invalid was aware of his purpose, had passed the keen blade of a lancet through the swelling.

Ikey felt faint with pain for an instant, and then looked wonderfully relieved, as the doctor

said, soothingly:

"There, my boy, you will be all right in a few days. I will bandage it, and you must be careful not to catch cold."

Carrots watched the operation intently, and when the physician intimated that his services were at an end, he drew a long breath of relief as he said:

"By jiminy! If I could earn twenty-five cents as quick as that, it would n't take Teddy

an' me long to buy that stand!"

"You see, my boy, that medical men have to charge a very large amount of money for their services because it takes them so long to learn the business. Of course you would think I should get rich very rapidly if I had many such customers at twenty-five cents; but you can see that they are scarce to-night."

"That 's a fact," Carrots replied thoughtfully, as if this phase of the case was something which he had not previously understood, and, after gravely assuring the gentleman that "his face was good for a shine any time," Master Williams led the way out of the house.

"How do you feel, old man?" Teddy asked, when they were on the sidewalk.

"He hurt me a good bit with his knife; but jest as soon 's that was over, it seemed like as if the pain had all gone. I reckon I'll get well now, eh?"

"If you don't, there won't be any sense in puttin' out twenty-five cents ag'in on you," Carrots said, as if he should consider a continuation of Ikey's illness as a personal affront.

seen anything of their enemies, and in a short time were busily engaged discussing their future.

"I 'll tell you what it is, Teddy, Ikey 'll make an awful good clerk for us when we buy our stand, an' after we get him mended. He can sell papers or shine boots with the best of 'em, for I 've seen him work."

Teddy suggested that they might not have a sufficient amount of business to warrant their hiring a clerk; but Carrots had his own ideas on the subject, and could not easily be persuaded that an assistant would not be an absolute necessity when the green-painted establishment with its boot-blacking outfit was opened.

The idea that he was to have an opportunity for working without being forced to run around the streets, pleased Master Cain wonderfully, and this, in addition to the relief from pain, served to put him in the best possible humor.

He promised to repay the boys, not only the twenty-five cents which was to be given the doctor in the form of boot-polishing, but also for such provisions as he might eat while one of their household; and agreed, in case Teddy finally concluded it would be desirable to hire him as clerk, to do his work faithfully and honestly.

"We'll have the stand before two weeks go by, an' I reckon you 'll be right there helpin' us with it," Carrots said enthusiastically, as he once more prepared the bed for the invalid, and saw to it that there was food enough on hand to satisfy his wants during the coming

It was later than their usual time for retiring when the boys finally lay down to sleep; but, despite this fact, they were awake next morning as early as on any previous occasion, and, before leaving, Carrots again cautioned Ikey against allowing his presence in the box to be

"You need n't be worried," the invalid replied. "Now my leg does n't ache so bad, I can keep mighty still, no matter what happens. Yesterday I had to turn over pretty often to rest it, an' was 'fraid sometimes the folks would hear me."

Then the boys clambered over the fence The three arrived at home without having once more, and another day's work was begun.

(To be continued.)



By GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

Many years ago (so many that the writer's little daughter, when told how many, asked, "Mama, are you a hundred years old yet?"), there lived in a pretty town on the banks of the Hudson River, not many miles from New York, a little girl named—well, we will call her Denise. That was not her real name, but some one who is very closely related to her now bears it, and so we will give it to her.

She had neither brother nor sister, and was sometimes a little bit lonely, even though she had no end of pets, including dogs, kittens, rabbits, birds, and a beautiful big goat named "Tan" to drive about in a little carriage. Tan loved her dearly, and, when not harnessed to his carriage, would follow her about like her big Newfoundland dog, "Sailor." No matter where Denise went, the goat "was sure to go," until people used to laugh and say, "Here come Tan and Denise," instead of "—Denise and Tan."

The little girl loved her pets as dearly as they loved her, but the dream and desire of her life was to have a dear little pony to ride and drive, and — last but by no mean's least — to love; for her fondness for horses amounted to a passion, and with them she was absolutely fearless. They, in turn, seemed to love and comprehend her to a wonderful degree; responding to her voice and submitting to her caresses when they were often fractious and quite unruly with others.

So it seemed a very gratifying ending to the long cherished wish, when, on her tenth birthday, one bright October morning, her father said to her, "Many happy returns of the day, my pet! Run to mama, and ask her to dress you for a walk. I 'ye a surprise at the end of it, for both you and her."

"Another surprise!" exclaimed Denise. "Why, I thought I'd seen all the surprises before breakfast!"

"No, dear; I 've another. It 's a little thing, and if you don't like it you may tell it to just run away, as you 've no place for it."

"Now, whatever can it be?" thought Denise, as she hurried up-stairs and, bursting into mama's room, cried, "Oh, mama, dress me

quickly, please; for papa has a walk at the end of a surprise — and you're not to know a thing about it, either!"

Never were curls made tidy so quickly, or clothes scrabbled on in such a hurry. Before papa had time to find hat, gloves, or cane, a very excited little girl stood before him crying:

"If you don't start quickly, I just know my head will fly off like a bottle of soda-water that's all fizz!"

like big folks's."

In the bottom little yellow Ange of the wheels. wool blanket, bo corner was faster certainly intended.

About thirty minutes' walk along the shore of the beautiful river, whose waters seemed to dance and sparkle in sympathy with Denise as she pranced and skipped along, brought them to the village, where papa turned down a side street which led to a livery and boarding stable. Denise's

heart began to beat so loudly that she felt sure it could be heard, and her brown eyes to sparkle as though some one had dropped a little diamond into each.

"Oh me!" she whispered to herself. "I just know it 's a new carriage and set of harness for Tan; and papa has asked Mr. Andrews to get it for me, because he heard me say that the old ones were getting very shabby for such a handsome goat."

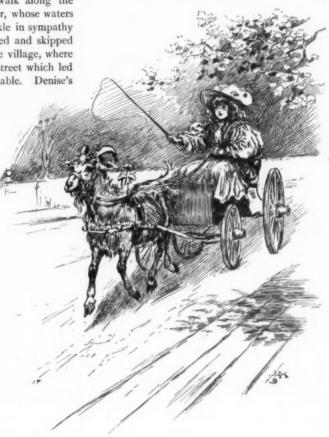
Tan, by the way, was an unusually large specimen of his kind, measuring quite thirty-two inches at the shoulders, and boasting a head and pair of horns that were the admiration of all who saw them. He was named Tan because of the color of his hair, which was

a bright tan and shone like satin when well brushed by Timothy, the coachman. So the prospect of a new harness and carriage for Tan was quite enough to set Denise's heart dancing.

At last the stable was reached, and the first

thing her eyes fell upon was a beautiful little phaëton with bright yellow wheels, and a shining top that could be raised and lowered, "just like big folks's."

In the bottom, for her feet to rest upon, was a little yellow Angora-wool rug, to match the color of the wheels. On the seat was a soft, white wool blanket, bound with yellow silk, and in one corner was fastened a big blanket-pin that was certainly intended to pin that blanket snugly



"TAN AND DENISE."

around something's throat. Over the shining dashboard was folded a handsome fur robe, made of a leopard's skin, and trimmed all round the edges with wildcat's fur.

The leopard's head looked very fierce, as it

stared at Denise with big glass eyes; but I hardly think that a live leopard would have made much impression upon her, so speechless and dumb this fascinating sight had turned her.

But when she went closer, and took out the exquisite little whip which stood in the whipsocket, and read her own initials on the gold band which held the dainty ivory handle to the snake-wood stick, her joy began to pour forth in a torrent of words which quite

drowned the remark of old Timothy, who stood by, enjoying it all as though the whole thing had been planned for one of his own little Timothys at home.

"Whist, darlint! while I roon and fetch up the little hoorse that fits insoide," said he, as he disappeared through a side door.

Presently Denise's ears heard a patter, patter! patter, patter!

Looking behind her, she beheld the dearest, darlingest little pony that anyone ever saw!

He was black as a crow from the tip of his saucy little nose to the end of the long silky tail that dragged on the ground behind him, excepting one little white moon just back of his right eye, which seemed to have been put there on purpose to kiss, it was so soft and round.

For a moment De-

cry of delight which amply repaid her father for his long weeks of searching and planning for this perfect little turnout, she flung her arms around the pony's neck and laughed and cried and kissed until the poor little fellow was quite bewildered, and did not know whether his new mistress was one to be desired or avoided.

Presently, however, he decided that it was all right, and, with a happy little neigh, he thrust his soft nose into her hands, pressed his face close to hers, searched her pockets for sugar, and tried to say as plainly as a horse could:

"This is my new little mistress, and as she seems to love me already, I 'm going to show her how much I can love her."

Then Timothy produced the harness that fitted the "little hoorse" which "fitted insoide," and pony was harnessed to the phaëton that had been made to his measure.

No words can express the rapture of that



THE LITTLE PONY ON HIS BOX. (SEE PAGE 248.)

nise did not move nor speak, and then, with a drive. To hold the pretty reins and feel the prompt response given by the well-trained little animal; to watch his pranks and antics as he dashed along, apparently trying to show how graceful he could be in order to convince his new mistress that he left nothing to be desired - it really seemed too good to be true, and Denise feared it might all be a dream from which she would waken and find that pony and all had vanished!

> The little feet fairly flew over the ground, and the drive home was quite the shortest she had ever known.

surprise to come; and when she saw the handsome pony and the carriage with her husband and her own little daughter sitting in it come dashing up the driveway, she was as much pleased as mothers usually are when they know that their little girls' dearest wishes are realized.

The entire household had to be summoned to see and admire this pony, which was surely more wonderful than any pony that had ever lived; and the charming little fellow was talked to and caressed and petted and fed with apples and sugar until he was in a very fair way to be made ill.

name him, mama?"

Mama stood on the piazza, watching for the swered mamma, "for he is all your very own. to love and care for."

> "Well," said Denise, in a tone which settled the matter beyond all question, "I'm going to call him 'Ned Toodles': Ned because he is as black as old darky Ned who comes for the ashes, and Toodles because he is so little and round and roly-poly."

> So "Ned Toodles" was the name given to the dear little pony, who thenceforth figured very conspicuously in the life and pranks of his mistress, and caused no end of jealousy among the other pets.

At last Denise was persuaded to let Ned be "And now," said Denise, "what shall we led away to his new quarters, Timothy exclaiming as he marched off with his small charge in "You must name him yourself, darling," an- tow, "Faith! howiver am I to clane sooch a



"THE LITTLE FEET FAIRLY FLEW OVER THE GROUND, AND THE DRIVE HOME WAS THE SHORTEST SHE HAD EVER KNOWN."

schrap of a thing as this? I'll have to be seemed particularly gracious that year, and hoontin' up a big box to sthand him on!"

And, sure enough, that was exactly what he had to do, and it took but a short time for the intelligent little animal to learn just what the box was for; as soon as his stall door was opened, he would march out, get upon the box, stand very still while he was curried, and then lift first one foot and then the other to have it cleaned and washed.

Nothing gave Timothy greater satisfaction than to brush the beautiful coat until it shone like moleskin, and to comb the silky mane and tail until each particular hair seemed to stand out for very pride.

Ned soon grew to love his little mistress very dearly, and to answer with a loud neigh the queer, piping whistle by which she always called to him.

No pen can describe the delightful drives of the charming autumn days.

painted the trees more gorgeously than ever before. At least, it seemed so to Denise; but perhaps, seeing it all from her own little carriage as she drove along in the golden sunshine, singing to Ned the little song of which he never seemed to tire, gave an added charm to everything.

This song was all about a "poor little robin" whose name was "Toodle-de-too," and Ned seemed to think that it had been composed especially for him, and would invariably go very slowly as soon as Denise began to sing it, and would turn back one ear, as though to hear better.

When the song ended he would give a funny little jump of approval, and then trot on again.

And so the happy autumn days sped by, and Denise felt that there never had been so happy an introduction before as that which made her Jack Frost acquainted with Ned Toodles.

THE STORY OF A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

TERESA A. BROWN.

winter howling around our comfortable homes, let us take a look at the home and life of the brave life-savers, who are guarding life and property along our coasts.

Few people realize what these men have to endure, or how many heroic deeds could be gathered from the records of even one of these little stations.

During the year ending in 1895 the disasters on our ocean and lake coasts numbered 675, with a passenger list of 5823; of these 5797 were saved by the gallant keeper and his brave men; over 100 other persons were rescued from drowning at the different stations.

We can judge from this report how efficient must be the corps of officers in this important department of the Government; millions of dol-

WHILE we are listening to the wild storms of lars worth of property, in the shape of valuable cargoes, are yearly saved from the greedy ocean by the crews of the Life Saving Service.

> There are now on the American coasts 230 stations properly equipped, and the cost to the Government is made good by the value of lives and money saved; indeed, under the present system, there are fewer lives lost yearly on the whole coast-line than were formerly sacrificed on the Jersey coast alone in that time.

> The general superintendent of the Life Saving Service resides at Washington; there are district superintendents who have charge of all stations in their district, which they must visit once in three months. Each district superintendent must inspect the public property, and drill the various crews in all exercises, on the occasion of his visit of inspection.

is forwarded weekly to the Department at Washington; where wrecks occur, and lives or vessels are lost, a rigid investigation is made by the Department, with a view to detecting any possible neglect or carelessness on the part of the life-savers.

The station itself is a two-story house built securely and solidly upon some good site along

A journal of the daily doings at each station with Old Ocean as their master; they must be able to handle a boat in the roughest weather, and to face all the dangers of the deep.

> Each man must undergo a strict medical examination, and must bring to the station his certificate of good health; and he is also obliged to sign an agreement to faithfully perform all duties.

The keeper receives a salary of \$900 a year the beach; it is comfortable and roomy, fur- (up to 1892 it was but \$700); he must be at



A UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING STATION.

nished by the Government, and has the boat- the station all the year round, but is allowed a bedroom for the keeper, another for the surfmen, and a store-room occupy the second story.

life-boat and all the life-saving apparatus always in perfect order and readiness.

men, though some stations number seven surf-

VOL. XXIII .- 32.

room and kitchen on the lower floor; a large month's leave of absence in summer if he gives up his pay. A surfman receives \$65 a month, is at the station during eight months of the The boat-room is large, and opens by great year, and has the privilege of leaving the stadouble doors upon the beach. It contains the tion for twenty-four hours every two weeks,but in lonely stations they generally remain for the active season, which begins September The crew consists of a keeper and six surf- 1, ending May 1; when a man leaves in May, he goes where he pleases, and if he does not men; these men are graduates from no naval return in September the keeper gets another college, but have served their apprenticeship man in his place for the next winter season.

The keeper is held responsible for the condition of everything connected with the station; he must drill the men in their duties, divide the work evenly, and see that the men are orderly. No liquor is allowed on the premises; drunkenness or neglect of duty is punished by instant dismissal from the service; the man who is detailed to cook must keep the kitchen in perfect order; and each has his share of the housework to perform, for no women live at the stations.

The crew are numbered by the keeper from one to six, and at midnight preceding September 1 the station goes into commission; at that hour the keeper gives patrol equipments to two of the surfmen, and they start out on the first patrol, and the active season has fairly begun; everything runs like clockwork after that, and as strict a discipline is maintained as on board a man-of-war.

The patrol from sunset to sunrise is one of the most important duties in the service, and the most careful rules are laid down in regard to its performance. When stations are near together, as on dangerous coasts, the two patrolmen from Station "B," starting along the beach in opposite directions, walk until they meet patrolmen from "C" and "D," with whom they exchange checks, and return to their own station. At the end of a week the checks are returned to their proper stations, and this is kept up during the season, week after week.

The keepers of lonely stations provide the surfmen with time-detectors. A time-detector is similar to a clock with a hinged cover, fastened by a lock—the key to which is retained by the keeper; beneath the cover a revolving plate supporting a paper dial is placed, and a die so arranged that when a patrol-key is inserted and turned in the clock a mark is made upon the paper dial recording the hour of striking. At the end of the "beat" is a post to which a key is affixed; when the patrolman reaches this he winds the clock,—the dial-plate is marked; failure to be at the clock, without good and sufficient reason, is punished by dismissal.

At midnight, at such a station, the keeper gives to the two patrolmen a clock containing fresh dial-plates, and these two men going in opposite directions patrol the beach till four in the morning. When these return to the station, two other men take their places till sunrise. The next night, at sunset, two new men keep guard until eight in the evening, and at that hour their places are taken by two others, until midnight. Then, returning to the station, the keeper is called, new dial-plates are inserted in the clocks, they are locked and given to two new patrolmen, who walk till four in the morning. So from sunset till sunrise our American coasts are patroled by solitary watchmen, on the lookout for vessels in danger.

No weather is severe enough to daunt these brave men, and they trudge all night in rain, hail, wind, or snow, while we are comfortably sleeping.

The patrol duty at a station is so arranged that those men who have the long patrol one month are put on the short patrol the next; the night-watches are divided into three watches of four hours each.

On the discovery of a wreck by night, the patrolman burns a red signal light (with which he is always supplied) to notify those on the wreck that they have been seen, and that assistance will be rendered.

He then hastens to the station, and the whole crew turns out; the boat is run out on its carriage, all apparatus is collected, and they proceed to the part of the beach nearest the wreck. If practicable, the life-boat is launched, each man wearing a life-belt. They pull off to the wreck, and under the keeper's orders, which are promptly obeyed, the passengers are taken off to the beach, and the boat returns until all have been rescued.

If the boat cannot be used on account of the surf and the weather, they proceed to rig the breeches-buoy line between the wreck and the shore.

Coming abreast of the wreck, preparations are made to get a line to the vessel. Each man has his part of the work to do: the keeper, assisted by man No. 1, has been loading the gun; he puts in it a projectile to which is fastened a strong braided line, six hundred yards long, and so coiled in a box that it may follow the shot without getting entangled. If their aim is well taken, the shot will pass over the wreck

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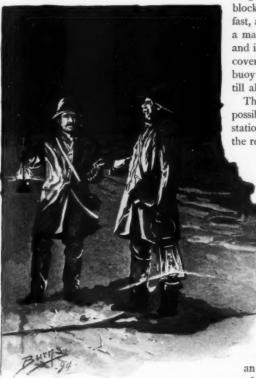
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and the shot-line will fall across some part of the vessel.

The crew on the wreck haul in this line, to which the life-savers have attached a pulley with a heavier rope through it; both ends of this rope are kept on shore.

Fastened to this pulley, or tail-block, is a tally-board with directions in French and English, instructing the wrecked men how and where to make it fast.

When it is fast on board the vessel, the life-savers fasten a hawser to one side of the



PATROLMEN EXCHANGING THEIR CHECKS.

whip-line and haul on the other, and the hawser is pulled out to the wreck; this hawser also bears a tally-board, directing that it be made fast two feet above the whip-line.

Now there is one endless small rope, and a large one three and a half inches in circumference, connecting the wreck with the shore. To this large rope is fastened the breechesbuoy (whose form is well known) by a snatchblock; this block can be opened at one side and closed securely after it has been slipped over the hawser.

Meantime, the surfmen have buried the sandanchor deep in the sand, and tackles are hooked to this anchor and the hawser, which has been made taut. Then a crotch is set under it upon the beach, which raises it over eight feet from the ground. The breeches-buoy now hangs from the hawser by the snatch-block; to the slings by which the buoy is attached to the block, one side of the whip-line has been made fast, and the buoy is hauled off to the wreck; a man gets in, putting a leg into each opening, and is hauled to shore through surf that often covers him; he is taken out, and the breeches-buoy travels to and fro over this aërial railway till all are rescued.

Then the apparatus is recovered as far as possible, the beach-cart is drawn back to the station, the boat and gear are put in order, and the rescued ones are attended to.

The daily routine of station life is broken only by this wrecking duty.

On Mondays, flags and bedding must be aired, weather permitting, and all the regular household duties performed. On Tuesdays there is boat practice; this consists in hauling the boat-carriage to the beach, unloading, launching her, and pulling out through the surf—backing, turning, or doing just what the keeper commands, he steering the boat. After practice, the boat is put on the carriage, hauled back to the boat house, cleaned, and left in perfect order.

Wednesday is signal-drill day. There is an international code of signals, composed of flags representing the different letters of the alphabet. Each surfman has a set of miniature

flags, and he signals to the keeper, who answers them with his flags—so any man at the station can read a message from a wrecked ship. All the principal maritime nations have adopted this code, and as vessels are provided with flags, and books containing the key to different signals, printed in many languages, communication ried on, whatever the ship's nationality.

Thursday is the day for drilling with beach apparatus. A pole planted in the sand represents the mast of the wrecked ship. The beach apparatus, beach-cart, hawsers, guns, lines, resuscitation of apparently drowned persons. blocks, and buoy are all run out in short time and all the manœuvers gone through with, as treatment of such cases, and then each man

between vessels and stations can be easily car- made all the men models of promptness and obedience. After this drill the crew returns the beach apparatus to the station, leaving everything, as usual, in order.

On Fridays, the entire crew is drilled in the

The crew recites the formula laid down for if in actually rescuing a crew; from the time takes his turn in operating on another as though

> at work upon a patient. If the method adopted by them were practised in every case of supposed drowning. no doubt lives would be oftener saved.

The rescued man's clothing is loosened, his mouth and nostrils wiped thoroughly dry, and he is turned upon his face, with a tightly rolled wad of clothing placed beneath the stomach, and the operator firmly presses the parts above that organ for a minute or so until all the water flows from the mouth. Then he is laid on his back, the wad being so placed under his back as to raise the pit of the stomach above the general level of the body. operator then kneels or sits astride of the patient's hips, grasping with his hand the small ribs, pressing with the balls of the thumbs on the pit of the stomach, and finally letting gohis hold



SAVING A SAILOR BY MEANS OF THE BREECHES-BUOY.

It seems almost incredible, but their training has enters the empty space through the mouth and

the word "action" is spoken by the keeper till after a last push which forces the air out of the the supposed rescued man is brought to the body; the ribs resume their normal position, supposed beach, only six minutes have passed! which creates a partial vacuum in the lungs, air





INTERIOR OF SIGNAL TOWER.

nostrils to fill it; this process is repeated from four or five to fifteen times a minute, and often is kept up for four or five hours—until the patient breathes naturally or all hope is given up.

The clenching of hands and jaws, formerly considered signs of death, are now looked upon as evidence that some life remains; in many cases at these stations the jaws have had to be pried open with the aid of some sort of lever.

While one man is endeavoring to make the patient breathe, others are warming him with hot bricks, bottles of hot water, and hot flannel cloths applied to limbs, armpits, and the soles of the feet; but none of their ministrations interfere with the first operator, who is restoring the breath to the patient. If any life is left, this vigorous treatment generally brings it back.

Saturday is general house-cleaning day; floors and windows are washed and cleaned, etc. On Sunday nothing but necessary housework is done. Patrol duty is performed every night in the active season, and of course is the hardest part of the life; at times the shore is cut away by violent storms and the men have to walk through

the icy water, which is often up to their armpits; their health is constantly endangered, and now and then one loses his life.

Several times there has been a bill before Congress to increase the pay of the surfmen, and it is to be hoped that such a bill will be passed; both keepers and surfmen earn their paltry salaries by faithful and heroic service amid peril and hardship.



A NEW YEAR'S MEETING.

A NEW YEAR'S MEETING.

By Tudor Jenks.

- "Do you know how to get to grandpa's?—
 I went on New Year's day—
 You climb the hill where the pine-trees grow,
 And grandpa comes half-way.
- "He waits in the road for mama and me, And plays he 's a robber bold.
- Then, when I can't help laughing, How grandpa pretends to scold!
- "He threatens me with his cane, and says:
 'A kiss or your life, my dear!'
 And then with a regular bear-hug
 I wish him a Happy New Year!"

THE TARDY SANTA CLAUS.

By KATE D. WIGGIN.



- I AM a little Santa Claus
 Who somehow got belated;
 My reindeer did n't come in time,
 And so of course I waited.
- I found your chimneys plastered tight, Your stockings put away,
- I heard you talking of the gifts You had on Christmas Day;
- So will you please to take me in And keep me till November?
- I 'd rather start Thanksgiving Day Than miss you next December!



AT this bright turn o' the year, my hearers, the heart of your Jack holds two great wishes for you — his short wish (that 's for a joyful Christmas); and his long wish (that 's for a prosperous, happy New Year)!

By the way, this new year, 1896, begins on Wednesday; and Wednesday, you know,— or perhaps you ought to know,— is named after Woden, a Saxon of old, famed for valor and might. The name means "mighty warrior," and Woden was the Saxon name of the Norse god of victory. Now, victory does not mean that somebody must wish you happiness, and all the good things that bring it about and keep it. You must try for it — win it, the fruit of victory.

There is a splendid sermon for you, my friends, in that one word, Victory; but I shall not preach it. I understand too well your bright faces, your hearty, sympathetic nods, your fresh young valor, and the joy and work before you in 1896.

Bless me! Here comes a letter as full of cheer and summer-time as these days are of cheer and winter. You shall hear it:

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My grandmother says that when she was a little girl she was especially fond of a certain little poem about elves or brownies. To this day she remembers the first stanza,—a copy of which I now send you,—but she has forgotten the rest, and also the author's name, if, indeed, she ever knew it. Now it seems to me, dear Mr. JACK, that you can help us. It is only natural that you should know all about it. In shady woods down among the grasses and mosses and wild flowers, JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT must hear a great deal of gossip of the elves and fairies. So do please tell me the rest of this song, that a bumble-bee may have hummed to you long ago.

Here is the opening stanza:

Up the airy mountain, Down the rushy glen,

uries. So do please tell Until quite recently

glen, tough outer layer of co * See St. Nicholas for October, 1894, page 1048.

We dare n't go a-hunting For fear of little men: Wee folk, good folk, Trooping all together; Green jacket, red cap, And white owl's feather—

Yours truly, EYRE POWELL.

YES, indeed, the bees do hum many a song to your Jack, my friend, but they have not happened to hum the lines you mention. They are apt, rather, to drone in the laziest way a recital of busy deeds to come, and to top off with a confused, buzzing account of sweet flowers and hidden blossoms that have helped them make their stores of honey. But that dear Little Schoolma'am of the Red Schoolhouse—she knew the pretty rhymes; and she sang that first stanza to every listening thing in my meadow, as soon as it came to this pulpit.

"Oh, yes," said she; "tell your friend and her grandmama that the lovely lines were written by one William Allingham. He was born at Ballyshannon in Ireland nearly seventy years ago, and he died in 1889. His poem, 'The Fairies,' opens with this stanza, and there are five more verses just as resetty."

just as pretty."

Dear me! What a memory that wonderful little woman possesses! She could repeat every one of those six stanzas right off! But perhaps many of you, my hearers, know them too. At all events, Eyre Powell and that good grandmother can now readily find the whole song, and enjoy it to their hearts' content.

THAT CORK QUESTION.

AND here is another letter—this time an answer to the question: "Who knows where corks come from?"*

DEAR JACK: Since you asked about cork I have been looking up the subject and have found some very interesting facts. That traveled bird of yours who said it came from a kind of oak-tree was right: it is an evergreen oak that botanists call Quercus suber. The tree is only about thirty feet high, and is principally cultivated in Spain, although it also grows in Africa and in other parts of Southern Europe. When it is fifteen or twenty years old the first stripping of bark is made; only the outer layer is taken, the workers being very careful to leave the inner bark uninjured. This first layer is rough and woody, of no use save in tanning; but ten years later another has been formed of finer quality, and the quality continues to improve after each stripping.

The bark is taken in midsummer; two cuts are made around the trunk, one near the ground, the other just under the branches; then, after making three or four long slits down the tree, the layer of cork is loosened by a wedge-shaped instrument and taken off in strips. These are scraped and cleaned on the outside and then heated and pressed flat.

Until quite recently great difficulty was found in cutting out the corks, as most of the work was done by hand, and the knives were so quickly dulled; but now a machine is in use which saves a great deal of that trouble.

If any of your congregation will look at the rough bark of some of our native oaks, and try to cut in through the tough outer layer of corky wood, sometimes nearly two

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inches thick, it will be easy enough for them to understand how another tree of the same genus can produce the thickest coating - the cork of commerce. ISABELLA MCC. LEMMON.

A CLEVER HORSE.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about something that I saw on the street the other day. There was a cart with two horses standing in front of a store and the driver was The wind was blowing very hard indeed, and it blew the blanket partly off one of the horses. The horse, I suppose, began to feel cold, so he reached his head around, and catching the corner between his teeth pulled the blanket over himself again, and when the wind blew the cover back the horse cleverly pulled it up until the driver came and fixed it; but the driver, I am sorry to say, gave the horse a hard hit in the nose for biting at his cover. He did not know how clever his animal had been.

THAT PRIZE COMPETITION.

OF all surprised good folk that ever were seen, it really seems that the dear Little Schoolma'am and her Committee are just now the most thoroughly surprised. Have you heard about it? Surely you boys and girls of the Red Schoolhouse must have caught news of it now and then. How the

dear Little Schoolma'am had a committee of judges all ready, placidly awaiting orders. They are four sound-minded, high-principled individuals, who have not forgotten their own happy youth in the days when young folk were not, as now, the hardest workers in the community; and when they saw Mrs. Corbett's clever rhyme, "Marion's Adventures," with its preposterous spelling (at least the Little Schoolma'am said it was preposterous), and learned that the young folk were asked to send corrected versions, they smiled calmly, and remarked, in effect:

"We understand that you wish us to examine the versions sent, select the best according to the conditions given, and award the prizes. the task set these young ST. NICHOLAS readers is interesting, demands cautious painstaking, and a little patience, yet certainly is not difficult in itself. The rewards offered are moderate and sensible, and if only the juvenile public take interest in a contest so temperately proposed, why, you'll find us at your service on almost any fine morning, ready to deal out our critical judgment, and those fifty brand-new dollar-bills, with much pleasure."

Now mark you how the matter turned out!

"MARION'S ADVENTURES."

REPORT CONCERNING THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

TEN THOUSAND COPIES RECEIVED, IN ANSWER TO THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S OFFER!

THE Little Schoolma'am's Committee, headed FIVE THIRD PRIZES: Two Dollars each. by the little lady herself, report as follows:

More than ten thousand corrected copies of Mrs. Corbett's verses, "Marion's Adventures," printed in the October ST. NICHOLAS, have been received.

It has been an exceedingly difficult task, as you may imagine, to select from so huge a mass of copies the twenty-four that are best entitled to the prizes offered. As the copies came pouring in by dozens, by scores, by hundreds, the committee, day after day, read and re-read, sifted and sorted - only to find, at last, that the twenty-four prizes could not possibly be made to "go round." In fact, there were far more than twenty-four versions that, in spelling, were absolutely correct. But, it will be remembered, there were other considerations that, by the terms of the contest, had to be taken into account, - the age of the sender, the neatness of the copy, penmanship, date of sending, etc. So, when at last the committee had placed together all the manuscripts that were correct in spelling, they went over these carefully and repeatedly, noting and comparing with painstaking zeal, to find the twenty-four that seemed most worthy of prizes — under all the conditions of the contest. And here is the award:

FIRST PRIZE: Ten dollars.

Marion Buck (age 16), Waterbury, Conn.

THREE SECOND PRIZES: Five dollars each. Laura Hickox (12), Toledo, Ohio. Josiah Dwight Whitney (16), Beloit, Wis. Sophie Moeller (13), New York City.

VOL. XXIII .- 33.

T. B. Stevenson, Jr. (11), Evansville, Ind. Alice Goddard Waldo (12), Dresden, Germany. Eleanor Walter Thomas (15), Columbia, S. C. Alice Lovett Carson (14), Brooklyn, N. Y. Caroline Louise Prichard (15), Tacoma, Wash.

FIFTEEN FOURTH PRIZES: One Dollar each. Faith A. Davis (11) Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Mabel Edith Gross (12), St. Paul, Minn. Marion Reid Fenno (11), East Boston, Mass. Emily A. Dinwiddie (16), Greenwood Depot, Va. Lydia Ballou Almy (13), Norwich, Conn. Mary Stanley Hoague (15), Boston, Mass. Sadie Felker (15), Oshkosh, Wis.

Jessie E. Gould (15), Everett, Mass. Sara F. Richards (14), Plainfield, N. J. Beatrice Sells (13), Salt Lake City, Utah.

Marjory Morton Dexter (13), New Bedford, Mass. Helen Gore (13), Auburndale, Mass.

Katherine Fleming Worcester (13), Burlington, Vt. Robert Vermilye Butler (13), Utica, N. Y. Walter Thompson Karcher (14), Philadelphia, Pa.

But when this award was ratified by a final and unanimous vote, still there remained fifteen answers that were correct in spelling, and equal in all respects to several of those that had won fourth prizes. And then there were the English boys and girls! How could the Little Schoolma'am have overlooked the fact that hundreds and hundreds of

the young folk of Great Britain would enter into this competition with heartiest zest,—and, moreover, would prove very formidable competitors!

Some of the most beautiful and correct copies received came from across the ocean — and would not Uncle Sam's brand-new greenbacks be of questionable value to the young folk who reckon their gains in pounds, shillings, and pence?

Here was a quandary; not enough prizes for the American winners, and in addition to them were a number of English lads and lassies equally deserving of prizes! What was to be done?

Well, just here the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS generously came to the rescue of the dear Little Schoolma'am and her distracted Committee.

"Increase the number of fourth prizes," said they; "and award also a set of prizes in English money for the English boys and girls."

No sooner said than done; and the happy but tired Committee could rest from its labors.

So, in addition to those named in the list already given, fourth prizes (of one dollar each) are awarded also to the following:

ADDITIONAL PRIZES: One Dollar Each.

Josephine Mairson (15), Hartford, Conn. Alice Louise Small (14), Saginaw, Mich. Laura Benét (11), Bethlehem, Pa. Marjorie M. Howard (14), West Newton, Mass. Bertha Moss (13), Elmira, N. Y. Maude A. Marshall (14), Minneapolis, Minn. M. Bell Dunnington (12), University of Virginia.

CANADIAN.

Rose Fanny Michaels (10), Montreal, Canada.
Nora Maynard (14), Stratford, Ontario.
Louie G. Woodruff (13), Montreal, Canada.
Gordon Howe Blackader (10), Montreal, Canada.
Muriel L. Tatum (12), Montreal, Canada.
Bess L. Campbell (10), Ottawa, Canada.
Kenneth Miller (10), Montreal, Canada.
Marie Parkes (15), Toronto, Canada.

Also, in simple justice, there was awarded to our English cousins a set of prizes scaled to an equal value in pounds and shillings with those offered to American boys and girls in dollar bills.

ENGLISH PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE: Two Pounds Sterling.
Mary Clarke (15), Birmingham, England.

Two Second Prizes: One Pound Sterling each. Olive Underhill (11), Oxford, England. Beatrice Mildred Barlow (15), London, England.

THREE THIRD PRIZES: Eight Shillings each.
Olwen Marian Lloyd (14), Cheshire, England.
Hilda De Angelis Johnson (15), Manchester, England.
Frances Cornwallis (15), Eastbourne, England.

TWELVE FOURTH PRIZES: Four shillings each.
Daisy Weekley (14), London, England.
Margaret K. Bradley (14), London, England.

Louise Kathleen Simonds (12), Reading, England. Hilda Leonard Cook (12), Essex, England. Marion Evelyn Densham (15), Croydon, England. Edith Ellen Cantelo (15) Nottingham, England. Margery Darbyshire (15), Kantsford, Cheshire, England.

Sylvia Heath (16), Birmingham, England.
Dorothy Hewett (15), Ross, Herefordshire, England.
Isabelle Hastings (13), Piccadilly, London.
Margaret Muriel Gray (16), Helensburgh, Scotland.
Evelyn Eleanor Smith (13), Dromahaire, Ireland.

And now here are the verses themselves, in correct form:

MARION'S ADVENTURES.

A LITTLE maid wanted to go to a ball.
Said mamma: "You 're too young;" but she cried: "Not at all—

I 'll wear my white frock, with red gloves, I suppose;

My blue shoes will be sweet with rose-colored bows, And there 's my new ring—'t is all that I need.

I 'll be dressed in great style, and seem lovely indeed."

To the garden she flew, saying: "No time to spare; I must choose a nice flower to put in my hair." But the garden was bare, and Marion sighed. Neither berry nor bud in the borders could hide. She stood on the path for a minute, I ween, But a beet and a boulder alone could be seen. A scent from some leeks was borne on the gale. "I'll go," she exclaimed; "to the wood and the vale."

So she went on her way, but she went forth in vain.

She caught a bad cold, she was hoarse and in pain;

She would climb on a bough: - when it broke with her weight,

She regretted the feat, for she could n't walk straight.

She uttered a wail—"Oh! my heel and my toe! I 've injured my gait—I 've done it, I know!" A wry face she made, and great tears did she

Then homeward she limped, heart heavy as lead.

As she hied to her room the clock pealed out

And Marion fain would have dressed for the fête, But she fell in a faint. When her father was told

The sad tale, he turned pale: "If our horse was n't sold,

And the weather so foul - ere an hour it will rain -

I 'd call for the doctor to lessen her pain."

So Marion wept—she had missed the gay ball,

And she gave a deep groan that was heard in the
hall.

Marioni Adventures.

A little maid wanted to go to a

Aby ble show will to west with Said mamma: "your too young, but who wied, "that at all I I'll wran my white frock, with

And there is my new ring - it is all that I reed. wer- would bour.

I'll be desired in great style, and seem tooly induced."

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Marionis adventures.

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FACSIMILES OF PARTS OF TWO COPIES THAT WON SECOND AMERICAN PRIZES.

Marion's adventures.

A little maid wanted to go to a ball. Faid mamma: you're too young; but she oried: not at all -Ill wear my white frech, with red gloves, I suppose; My blue shoes will be sweet with rose coloured bows, and there's my new ring - 't is all that I need. I'll be dressed in great style, and seem lovely indeed."

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FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE COPY THAT WON THE FIRST ENGLISH PRIZE.

There is not room to reproduce the prize copies in full, but a facsimile reproduction of a portion of the three copies that won the first and second American prizes is given on page 259, and on this page you will find also a facsimile of a part of the best English copy, the work of Mary Clarke, who won the prize of two pounds sterling. Beautiful, indeed, are these copies; and, to the credit of all concerned, let it be added that there were several others that pressed closely upon these for the honor of first place in their respective lists.

And how many of you must be disappointed! Of those who failed to win there is such a host who

have deserved praise that it is not possible to give them all honorable mention. The Little Schoolma'am prints with pride the following Roll of Honor, containing a partial list of the names of the boys and girls whose copies most nearly approached those that won the prizes. Many of those named below spelled as correctly as the winners, though they did not so well fulfil all the conditions of the contest. If space allowed, she would gladly add many other names to this list. Indeed, while heartily congratulating the winners, the Little Schoolma'am and the committee can warmly commend also a great majority of the losers.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Elsie C. Hartshorne, Emily Mansfield Ferry, Alice L. Davison, Christine Barker, Katherine S. Sewall, E. Mar-

ton, Mary Le Conte, Florence E. Turner, Abbie M. O'Neill, Miriam Berry Wood, Elizabeth Newton, Louise ion Grant, M. Esther Gill, Fredericka Loew, Florence Ashley Billings, Alice G. White, Cherry Wood, Annie Smith, Betsey Harnden, Horace P. Austin, Anna Knowl- Iola Williams, Georgie A. Bowes, Lucetta G. Bechdolt,

Iulian Willard Helburn, Margaret Doane Gardiner, Alice E. Underwood, Pauline E. Durfee, Vernon D. Cook, Robin Moffatt MacRay, Anna B. Shank, Sue Leonard, Augusta Leonard, Winifred Eells Newberry, Ida C. Bailey, Fanny S. Gibson, Nelson G. Morton, Nora Maynard, Annie Lothrop Crawford, Sophia Margaret Hagarty, Clara E. Schauffler, Ethel L. Osgood, Prudence M. Holbrook, Emily De Wilt Gould, Neely Trowbridge, Warren Hale Horton, Lulie H. Stevenson, Arthur E. Hill, Janie W. Hewlett, Nellie E. Bastress, Clara P. Briggs, Herbert Merryweather, Ivy S. Wright, Rosamond Allen, Dorothy Cogswell Manning, Charles Richard Selkirk, Lily Idler, May Idler, Helen Fruth Harlan, Margaret Adam, Katherine Gray Church, Henry Seymour Church, Mary S. Weston, Nellie Nevitt, Mary Cushing Dame, Lawrence A. Holmes, Virginia Beach, May Davis, Helen Seymour, Alan H. Lloyd, Edwin H. Van Etten, Robert M. Falkenau, Josephine Walsh, Marion W. Clark, Eleanor E. F. Servoss, Margaret Hincks, Gladys Painter, Thaddeus Joy, Margaret Waldo Higginson, Ethel Van S. Hogeboom, Caroline V. Scott, Rachel S. Haines, Helen Disbrow Moore, Laetitia N. Herr, Esther G. Mills, Sylvia K. Lee, Charlotte G. Tourtellot, Mary Patterson Durham, Laura M. Hill, J. Warren T. Mason, Bertha Dean Royce, George Roberts, Jr., Percy Winans Bristol, Nurab McLoughlin, Mary Carolyn Smith, Agnes Louise Plant, Edith W. Davenport, Bessie May Fulmore, Pauline Wirt, Fred L. Pomeroy, Dorothy Hollick Narr, Everetta Kirkbride, Gertrude Rutherford, James L. Whitney, Edith Poor, Matie K. Griffith, Margaretta Moore Henszey, John Randall Dunn, George W. Kelley, Catherine Farley Wardwell, Isabel Georgina Bartlett, Susie M. Himmelwright, Arthur S. Williams, Hannah M. Fairlee, Isabel P. Rankin, Margaret Williams, Robert Rain Dawson, Sadie A. Woolson, William H. Cook, Gertrude Schultz, Carrie L. McClune, Anita G. Clark, Paul C. Wild, Myra R. McLeod, Norman George Conner, Charles B. Finch, Althea A. Rowland, Anna G. Howard, Elizabeth Coffin, Harold Day Foster, Helen Grace Thorburn, Margaret Josephine McGinnis, Luther Pflueger, Jessie

Kellogg Henry, Grace D. Phillips, Maria Malvina Wentworth, Mary Waddill, Laura B. Shoemaker, Saidee Cornell Bartlett, Alice T. Olin, Margaret Elizabeth Richardson, Charlotte Helen Lovell, Geoffrey Monk, Agnes Bell Austin, Lewis C. Hinkel, Gertrude Blatch, Beatrice Charlotte Mead, Helen Wheeler, Edward W. Rothman, Margery Whiting, Agatha Cassels, Alexandra Carrington, Catherine Leitch, Carita B. Archibald, Edith Winifred Arnold, Anna Blakeman Lewis, Cordelia Place, Hazel S. Day, Katherine Creekmore, Helen E. Royce, Helen Pool Richmond, Marjorie Beddington, Laura E. Crozer, Margaret Ivie Dunlap, Margaret Warner Bright, Helen Louise Sargent, Mary Beardsley, Ruth Whittemore, Marion Stevenson, Ruth W. Price, George Melcher, Henry G. Tomlinson, Margaret Goddard, E. Helena Kriegsmann, Ella C. Davey, Arthur W. Combs, Marguerite Fiske, Dorothy Whiting, Henrietta Whitney, Mary Noel Macdonald, Katie Marguerite Cantello, Alexander George Berry, Florence Holbrooke, Emilie O. Merrick, Ruth Martin, Elsie B. Towell, Charlotte Bryson Taylor, Jessie Gibson, Jennie Spalding, Edwin I. Abbot, Muriel Beatrice Gerrard, Cecil B. Johnson, Harold Auchmuty, Winifred Sutcliffe, Alice A. Dodds, Frederick Butler Thurber, Eva I. Whittier, William F. Oakley, Margaret Winslow, Annie Carlisle, Archibald Craigmile Duff, Fred L. Humphrey, Beatrice Pickett, Ethel Dodd, Jennie A. Walker, May F. Waldo, Julia Maria Bourland, Mabel Rainsford Haines, Helen Sandison, Mortimer Y. Ferris, John Neal Hodges, Clara D. Lauer, Katherine Armstrong, Dorothy Ferriman, Henry Stanley Hillyer, Walter J. Glenney, David U. Cory, C. W. Fisher, Jr., Lilian J. F. Barker, Narcia Callvert, Arthur Stanley Pease, Alice Birney Blackwell, Catherine Prindle, Margaret B. Mendell, Frederick Prime, Jr., Ruth W. Miller, Violet Mary Vernon, Lucy Ethel Cook, Margaret Fitzhugh Browne, Arthur Boulden, Henry Herbert Armstrong, Marie M. Buchanan, Thomas Ybarra, Marguerite De V. Mills, Mary Chandler Draper, Euphemia Van R. Waddington, Jessie G. Rathbun, Olive C. Lupton, Gordon Morse, Winifred C. Smith, Clara G. Nitchie, Wyllie Hart, Elinor Purser.

Now about the words oftenest misspelled. One was fête. It came as fate, fete, feat, feet, feate, feite, fait, faite, fiat, fat, fêté, fête, and in several other forms. Other stumbling-blocks were ween, borne, lecks, gale, regretted, and fain. Also ere, and you're.

The Little Schoolma'am expected a number of inquiries as to the spelling of the name "Marion," and many came. Both the spellings, Marion and Marian, were allowed, as both forms seem to be used for the feminine name. On this point, however, a nice little note from one of the Canadian winners is worth quoting:

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM:

I beg to add that I am not entirely settled in my mind as to the propriety of changing the "o" in the proper name to "a."

But as all my girl-friends whose names are " Marion "

spell theirs with an "a"; and as F. Marion Crawford spells his with the other letter, I decided that one form was purely masculine and the other feminine; so, for safety's sake, I made the change.

With most sincere sympathy for the reopening of school, I remain, Yours hopefully,

MARIE PARKES.

And, by the way, it is a curious coincidence that the winner of the First American Prize was named Marion, and that the name appeared once more upon the American list and once on the English list of winners, besides several times upon the Roll of Honor—in each case spelled Marion.

Many letters asked concerning the use of the dictionary and spelling-book, but, as announced in the October number, the Committee could not answer inquiries. All that need be said now is that no objection to the use of the dictionary or

similar works of reference by a boy or girl, unaided otherwise, has caused the rejection of any answer.

And now there is an admission to make—one that the Little Schoolma'am (who celebrates the Fourth of July patriotically) does not make joyfully. American school-folk, please pay attention: So far as penmanship goes, the English and Canadian children excel Uncle Sam's boys and girls.

So, young Americans, look to your penmanship! The age-limit has been insisted upon, and no answer has been counted from any competitor less than ten or over sixteen years old. The oldest sender gallantly ruled herself out by admitting that she was thirty-three, and the youngest, who did not fail to confess he was only seven years old, sent a creditable answer.

Next, you shall see extracts from some of the letters that have come with the answers. Little "Beth," from Alabama, beseeches the Little

Schoolma'am in this wise:

"Please say that it does n't count as having received assistance if your father just hints that there is a mistake. Mine did, but I sat down and puzzled until I found it all by myself, and it was so little too. I've used up fifteen cents' worth of foolscap paper, and tried just as hard as I could to get it right, but I don't want to cheat."

A boy from Iowa says: "I think I can spell firstrate, but I can't write worth a cent. I have to hunt eggs and carry in wood, so you couldn't expect me to write very nice." But his writing is far

above the average for his age.

One girl writes: "I almost know there will be no one younger than I who will try, I was ten a few days ago, and had to wait to write it till I was ten."

A few letters—very few, fortunately—speak of disadvantages under which little puzzlers labored. One poor child is partially paralyzed; another would like to win a prize to help pay a doctor's bill—poor little chap! One little girl "has not walked for three years"; two are blind, and another two almost blind; one plucky little fellow writes from the hospital, where he has been for five months, and has had his leg amputated; and another writes propped up in bed recovering from a serious illness.

How hard all these little folk have tried! At times one can fairly hear the scratching of the pen, and see the little fist clutching the holder!

More cheerful letters are, happily, more plentiful. "I have enjoyed this poem, and Mama and I have had many laughs over poor Marion!" says little Mabel. "I have to thank you heartily for providing such an instructive as well as amusing study," a Boston mother writes; and this pleasing sentiment is shared by a brisk ten-year-old, who says: "I do despise spelling and have worked hard on this. Anyway, I am glad I did it, for it is better than ever so many spelling lessons!"

Very creditable pieces of work come from an Indian girl; a little Swiss girl, who says: "I take your magazine, though I am not a compatriote"; a Dutch girl who writes from Haarlem; a bright

twelve-year-old, whose well-spelled answer has traveled all the way from Trebizond, Turkey; an almost equally accurate boy of the same age, whose answer started from Assioot, Egypt.

The copies came, indeed, from many countries. There were hundreds from Canada and Great Britain, and fair numbers from France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, and Mexico. Of all the boys and girls in Spain one little maid had the fortitude to enter the lists.

The first envelope opened was posted in New York on September 25; another was posted in Trebizond, Turkey, early in October; and the last

came from Brazil, dated October 19th.

Several copies were illustrated - some excellently, considering the ages of the young artists. One of the versions was written on paper sprinkled with violets in water-colors. Two others enclosed four-leaved clovers as an earnest of good-luckwhich will doubtless come to the senders next Two, again, came from Jamaica from the grandchildren of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and two were from Concord from the grandchildren of Emerson. A bright little countess wrote from Vienna, and a countess mother signed a certification under the republican flag of France. An earl's crest sealed an envelope from Ireland, but, best of all, the great majority may be said to represent nature's little noblemen and noblewomen of the world in general.

So the copies came from far and near, North and South, East and West, and hardly one but deserved

praise.

One bright young contributor sent this clever bit of verse, with its rather reckless rhyming:

HONEY GROVE, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT:

Long life and good health to the Little Schoolma'am, Whose kind heart suggested the beautiful plan By which your young readers are given a chance Their purses to fill, and their wits to enhance. As the Schoolma'am herself was a little girl once, I am sure she remembers how quickly the month's Allowance is spent. And as Christmas draws nigh How "close" we must be, and how hard we must try To save up enough to buy Grandpa a cane, Little Brother a ball, and Papa a watch-chain. Though I may not receive any prize, it is true, I'll rejoice with the bright lads and lassies that do. Your constant reader, GEORGIA KENDALL.

The Committee is confident that Georgia Kendall's closing lines express the sentiments of all the competitors.

In conclusion, the Little Schoolma'am thanks you all most heartily for your painstaking efforts; and she hopes that now you will, after the manner of the boys who lose a match-game, give three hearty cheers for the winners!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

1. D. 2. Cid. 3. Clara. 4. Diamond. 5. Drown. DIAMOND. 16. Ann. 7. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, California; Finals, Sacramento. Cross-words; I. Cross. 2. Alpha. 3. Lyric. 4. Inter. 5. Flora. 5. Odium. 7. Raise. 8. Nisan. 9. Inert. 10. Anglo.

RIDDLE. Mint.

Ziczac City of the Straits. Cross-words: 1. Carp. 2. Nigh. 3. Iota. 4. Dray. 5. Doom. 6. Afar. 7. Troy. 8. This. 9. Apes. 10. Less. 11. Dote. 12. Eros. 13. Adze. 14. Mile. 15. Rite. 16. Mars.

DIAGONAL. De Lesseps. Crosswords: 1. Delicious. 2. Deceptive. 3. Melodious. 4. Timepiece. 5. Necessary. 6. Profusion. 7. Phenomena. 8. Amidships. 9. Weariness.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Clive. 1. Ya-C-ht. 2. Pi-L-ot. 3. Sn-I-pe. 4. Ra-V-en. 5. Sh-E-ll.

RHYMING BLANKS. Hound, sound, around, ground, mound, bound, found, pound, wound.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands; As useless if it goes as if it stands.

Delicate Surgery. 1. Leg-ally, 2. T-rib-une. 3. Courts-hip. 4. Arm-ada. 5. Knee-ling. 6. Ba-skin-g. 7. Ear-thy. 8. Clin-chin-g. 9. El-lip-se.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. D., 2. Tea. 3. Tench. 4. Denoted. 5. Actor. 6. Her. 7. D. II. 1. R. 2. Men. 3. Melon. 4. Related. 5. Noted. 6. Ned. 7. D. III. 1. Aided. 2. Irene. 3. Debut. 4. Enure. 5. Deter. IV. 1. T. 2. Rat. 3. Repay. 4. Tapered. 5. Tares. 6. Yes. 7. D. V. I. T. 2. Fad. 3. Frar. 4. Tainted. 5. Dated. 6. Red. 7. D.

To our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 23 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Kiddle-box," care of the Centruty Co., 32 agas severements St., new York City.

Asswers To All. The Puzzles in The October Nishber were received, before October 15th, from M. McG.—Paul Reese—
Florence and Flossie—G. B. Dyer—Clive—W. L.—Paul Rowley—"Tod and Yam"—Mabel and Henri—"Jersey Quartette"—
"Shrimp"—"Edgewater Two"—L. O. E.—"Two Little Brothers"—Josephine Sherwood—"Knott Innit"—Helen C. McCleary—
H. G. E. and A. E.—Ella and Co.—"Sand Crabs"—Dee and Co.—"The Proud Pair"—Donald L. and Isabel H. Noble—Nessée and
Freddie—Effic K. Talboys—"Four Weeks of Kane"—Jack and George Alden—Charles Travis—"The Spencers"—"Embla"—
"Brownie Band"—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Blanche and Fred—John Walker and Co.—Kathlyn B. Stryker—Mary Lester and
Harry—Midwood—W. Y. Webbe—Ethelberta—"The Butterflies"—"Merry and Co."—Harry and Helene.

Harry — Midwood — W. Y. Webbe — Ethelberta — "The Butterflies" — "Merry and Co," — Harry and Helene.

Answers To Puzzles In The Octroare Number were received, before October 15th, from W. H. McGee, 1 — Elizabeth M. Watson
1— Laurence Loring, 1 — Roberta C. Whitelock, 2—"Wisdom," 1 — Mary Rake, 1 — "Stupid," 2 — Gertrude Moras, 1 — Elizabeth
Ladd, 2 — Jennie C. Hopper, 2 — Rose and Helen Hartley, 6 — Jo and I, 8 — F. Goyenecke, 1 — B. Finley, 1 — Maxwell F. Lawton,
2 — "Rose Red," 2 — Helen S. Chapman, 1 — E. F. B., 8 — "Solon," 2 — Alfred T. Carton, 1 — Ernest Freeman, 1 — "Houltonites,"
4 — Frederica Yeager, 7 — Anna M. Paul, 1 — Dr. Win. Rear, 1 — Lucy and Eddie H., 7 — Rajh W. Kiefer, 3 — Laura M. Zinner, 7 —
Marguerite Sturdy, 7 — Mary L. Taylor, 1 — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co., 7 — "Willmat and Co.," 3 — "Trube Hearts," 7 — Hubert
L. Bingay, 8 — Al. H., 5 — "Constant Reader," 1 — Georgia Bugbee, 7 — Helen Rogers, 8 — Clara A. Anthony, 8 — Helen D. Queen, 2 — Mai E. Hackstaff, 4 — Uncle Will and Ed, 3 — Uncle Will, Mama, and I, 5 — Gladys Johnson, 1 — José Tryon, 8 — "Two Romans,"
6 — Betty K. Reilly, 2 — Lucille E. Rosenberg, 1 — Little Willie, 1 — Philip A. Elmer, 1 — Julia Callender, 1 — No name, Fairfield, Conn.,
8 — "Three Brownies," 8 — Edna A. Bailey, 3 — "Lend-a-Hand Club," 2 — Harvey S. Cheney, 1 — Ida Brake, 1 — E. Moore, 1 — Mary
F. Cloyes, 1 — Gertrude Weinberg, 1.

DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the final letters will all be the same, and the next row will spell musical entertain-

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Parts of a circle. 2. The god of Love. 3. Puts on. 4. Resinous substances. 5. Charges. 6. The god of War. 7. Small things. 8. Persons in the military service who eat at the same table.

" MERRIE CHRISTMAS."



EACH of the objects in the above circle may be de-regular path, three familiar proverbs may be spelled. scribed by one word. By beginning at the right object,

and then writing the nine words one below another, as they come, the initial letters will spell the name of a celebrated American statesman and orator.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE 1-2 of 2-3-4 and 2-3-4-5 Was a most apprehensive 1-2-3-4-5. She forbade 2-3-4 To go near the shore, And told 2-3-4-5 Not to swim or to dive. "For" she said, "when you are near the 3-4-5 It is quite 1-2-3 that I 4-5." But all she could do Would not check 4-3-2, Nor her unruly son, Her 4-3-2-1. So the patience of 5-4-3-2-1 was gone.

This riddle will read as well one way as t' other, Of this disobedient sister and brother, And their apprehensive and fidgety mother.

LABYRINTH OF PROVERBS.

LINGSLFALORDSOFR LREHTARETAILFRAE OSATOHTETFBOHEFH RNGENAHBSIECTAET AOMOSSANNONKTOGE

By starting at a certain letter, and following a certain

CHARADE.

My first was uttered by my second; my first is not as good as a knife to cut my second; my first tells what my second did to my second; my first is used in the preparation of my whole; my second flavors my whole; my second may eat my whole.

ALICE I. HAZELTINE.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters; when rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated American pioneer and

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

I. A LETTER. 2. A short sleep. 3. To leap. 4. A checkered cloth. 5. Wearied. 6. An evil spirit. 7. Loved to excess. 8. A black man. 9. To draw off by degrees. 10. Lubricated. 11. A snare. 12. A letter.

M. N. M. and M. B. C.

SUBTRACTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take fifty from a girdle, and leave a wager. Answer, Be-l-t, bet.

Subtract five from a frolic, and leave a lively dance.
 Subtract five from a fictitious story, and leave an

old name for Christmas.

3. Subtract five hundred from a piece of stamped metal, and leave ground grain.

4. Subtract fifty from a punctuation mark, and leave an animal.

5. Subtract five from to bend, and leave a remedy.
6. Subtract five from a mechanical power, and leave a look of malice.

 Subtract fifty-one from a flowering shrub, and leave a resinous substance.

Subtract five from to exist, and leave a falsehood.
 Subtract one hundred from peaceful, and leave a Scottish garment.

Subtract five from uncertain, and leave a chill.
 Subtract five and fifty from to slope the edge or surface, and leave an industrious insect.
 A. C. BANNING.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A BIRD. 2. Infrequent. 3. Globes. 4. A point of the compass. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

HIDDEN BOYS AND GIRLS.

EIGHTEEN boys are here concealed, of every age and size; One in each line hiding,—just for a surprise.

I can reach to upper C: I value much my voice. With renewed avidity he pursues his choice. They two went together to the music-room, Where he sang a song, "When rye-fields are in bloom." Oh, no, 't is this, I think, "When the bloom is on the rye."

rye."
A most delightful song; I 'll sing it bye and bye. I advise you to stop, a trick or two 's enough. It 's better not to go too far, when the play is rough. A tale I have to tell; I one listener would crave. Try to live right, and be very good and brave. Place a wreath of amaranth on your hero's bier. A moral philanthropist was he when here. Yes, I like the chromos, especially the rose. If elixir 's what I need, I 'll take some, I suppose. Put by a tenth, or a certain part, if wise. Hurrah for the bicycle! men, take exercise. I hear them in fancy, rills and rippling streams. The rain from off the roof ran cisterns full, it seems,

TWENTY little maids are here, One in each line—a pretty dear.

How much is a franc, estimated by a cent? Don't let that rebel in, or you will repent. They 're going to convict, or I am much misled. "Why do you let errors mar your work?" she said. I shed or cast away a garment when it 's patched. Pray help to succor a child, from danger lately snatched. She made linen cuffs and collars for the boy. Don't you think that barb a rather dangerous toy? Oh, I think the camel is safe enough to ride. Have you the flag at hand? We 've won it for our side.

See the latest fashion. What enormous sleeves! That he is a Trojan, everyone believes.
Out of here! Scat! Her in every room I find. Have the vest and sleeves with silk of that shade lined. Here 's a man that has important news to tell. That 's so! Phial is spelled vial as well. Is that hussar a hero? What will be his rank? Speaking of Mont Blanc, "blanc" he pronounced as "blank."

Gold and enamel in dainty trifles seen.

I have just returned from audience with the queen.

E. R. BURNS.



"'YES, SIR; TO LET YOU IN, SHE ARCHLY SAID."